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Tatler

DEBUTANTES & BRIDES No.

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THE Tatler

& BYSTANDER 2s. WEEKLY

Volume CCXXXIX Number 3103

15 FEBRUARY 1961

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Postage: Inland, 4d. Canada, 1½d. Foreign, 4½d. Registered as a newspaper for transmission in the United Kingdom. Subscription Rates: Great Britain and Eire: Twelve months (including Christmas number), £6 5s. 6d. Six months (including Christmas number), £3 5s.; (without Christmas number), £3 1s. Three months (no extras), £1 10s. 6d. Corresponding rates for Canada: £5 14s., £2 19s., £2 15s., £1 7s. 6d. U.S.A. (dollars): 18.50, 9.50, 9.0, 4.50. Elsewhere abroad: £6 12s., £3 8s., £3 4s., £1 12s.

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INGRAM HOUSE 13-15 JOHN ADAM STREET
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Débutantes & Brides No.

NO PRESENTATIONS—AND NO CHANGE

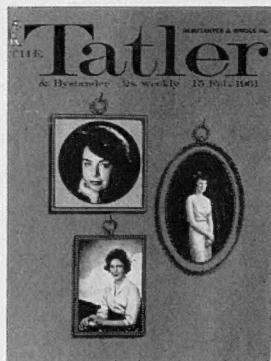
CONTRARY to many ill-informed expectations the ending of the presentation parties at Buckingham Palace has not discouraged débutantes. It is difficult to see why anybody ever thought it would. The Tatler said it wouldn't at the time, and this was no feat of prophecy—it was only necessary to note that in democratic America coming-out cotillions flourish from coast to coast without even involving the White House, let alone monarchy. In England this will be the third season without the traditional royal launching and the number of coming-out parties is larger than ever, as can be seen from the list of *Dates for débutantes* in this issue (page 296).

With incomes rising it was only to be expected, for a young girl has to start going to grown-up parties sooner or later and, when she does, what's more natural than to give her one of her own?

The selection of pictures of debs this year was photographed by Tom Hustler, who took over Dorothy Wilding Studios only two and a half years ago but operates his camera with so much energy that he is already thought of as a veteran. A 26-year-old Old Etonian, he got interested in photography in Malaya with the Army ("there was so much to photograph there") but spent a couple of years on the Stock Exchange before making it his career. He brings a down-to-earth approach to taking pictures, with no time for the "great art" school. His theory of portraits is that they should show the subject at her best, with only the minimum of retouching necessary to correct the camera's own exaggerations. The simple unpretentious results can be seen in *Social miniatures* (page 293 onwards). . . .

This special number is shared with brides, and their section is launched with some glamorous fashion pages of bridal gowns (page 305 onwards). A new contributor, Sylvia Lamond, writes a provoking commentary on what's wrong with wedding receptions (*Give the guests a break!* page 311) and Counter Spy has some ideas for wedding and engagement presents for the strong-minded (page 312)

The cover:



(From top) Miss Rosemary Thomson, daughter of Mr. K. H. Thomson & of Lady Thomson, of Frilsham Manor, Hermitage, Berkshire, will share a dance with Miss Jane McKenzie, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Malcolm McKenzie, at the Savoy on 7 June. Miss Patricia Calvert, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Robert Calvert, of Picts House, Horsham, is having a dance at Quaglino's on 24 May. Miss Harriet Davidson, daughter of the late Lt.-Col. C. K. Davidson & of Lady Rachel Davidson, of Highfield House, Crossbush, Arundel, and niece of the Duke of Norfolk. No date yet for her party. Photographs: TOM HUSTLER

Next week: Design—cult into establishment. . . .

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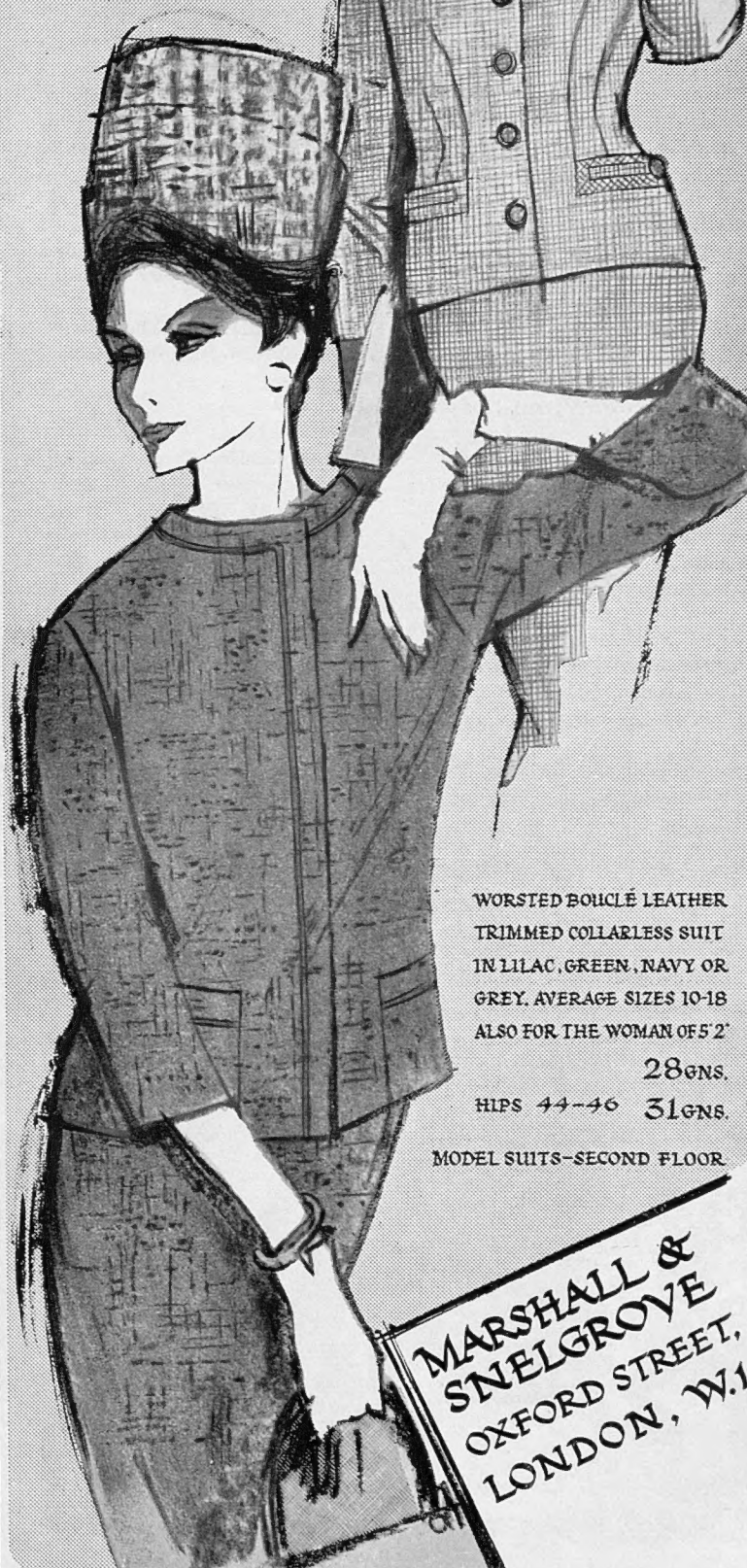
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SOCIAL

The Opera Ball, tomorrow, at the Dorchester, in aid of the English Opera Group. Tickets: £3 10s. from Mr. Basil Douglas, 18 Hanover Street, W.1. (MAY 5091.)

Grafton Hunt Ball, 17 February, at Courteenhall.

Point-to-points on 18 February: the United Services, at Larkhill; the Cambridgeshire Harriers, at Cottenham.

Royal Film Performance of "The Facts of Life" (to be attended by the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret and Mr. Armstrong-Jones), 20 February, at the Odeon, Leicester Square, in aid of the Cinematograph Trades Benevolent Fund. Tickets: Capt. Hartnell, Royalty House, Dean Street, W.1. (GER 4109.)

Première of King Kong, 22 February, at the Princes Theatre, in aid of the African Music and Drama Trust. Tickets: 10s. 6d. to 10 gns. from Mr. Charles Scott-Paton, 24 Belsize Avenue, N.W. (SW1 2019), the box office or the usual ticket agencies.

George Washington Birthday Ball, 22 February, at the May Fair Hotel, in aid of the English-Speaking Union Educational Trust. Tickets: £3 10s. (£3 for E.S.U. members) from the Secretary, 37 Charles Street, W.1.

Buccleuch & Jedforest Point-to-point, 22 February, at Friarshaugh.

SPORT

Race meetings: Wincanton, 16; Catterick, Lingfield, 17, 18; Stratford-on-Avon, 18; Birmingham, 20, 21 February.

Rugby: Scotland v. Ireland, Murrayfield, Edinburgh, 25 February; England v. France, Twickenham, 25 February.

Skiing: Hird Trophy—handicap slalom race, Glenshee, Perthshire, 19 February.

Squash: Professional championship of the British Isles, R.A.C., to 20 February.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden Opera. Britten's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, tonight, 17, 21, 25 February; *Fidelio* (first perf.) 24 February. All 7.30 p.m. (COV 1066.)

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *Les Deux Pigeons*, *Veneziana*, 16, 18, 22, 23 February; *Coppelia*, *Façaade*, 20 February. All 7.30 p.m.

Sadler's Wells Opera. *Katya Kabanova*, tonight & 17 February; *Die Fledermaus*, 16 February; *Barber Of Seville*, 18 February; *Eugene Onegin* (first perf.), 21 February. All 7.30 p.m. *Tannhäuser*, 22 February, 7 p.m. (TER 1672/3.)

Royal Festival Hall. B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, cond. Rudolf Schwarz with Mindru Katz (piano), in concert including 24 *Preludes* by Marius Constant (first perf. in

Britain), 8 p.m. tonight; New Opera Chorus & Ensemble in *Six Poems of Dylan Thomas* by Malipiero (first perf. in England), 8 p.m., 16 February; David & Igor Oistrakh (violins) with English Chamber Orchestra, 8 p.m., 18 February; Mr. Acker Bilk's Paramount Jazz Band, 3 p.m., 19 February; *D. H. Lawrence & his contemporaries* by Beatrix Lehmann, Richard Ainley, Eric Hope (piano), 7.15 p.m., 19 February; Concert performance of *Don Giovanni*, with Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, conductor Carlo Maria Giulini, 7.30 p.m., 20 February; Recital by young artists (Donald Weekes, Audrey Kitchener, Iona Jones, Vivian Troon and Anna Myers), 7.45 p.m., 21 February. (WAT 3191.)

Music at the Mermaid. Janacek Quartet, 7.30 p.m., Sunday, 19 February, Mermaid Theatre. (CIT 7656.)

Chelsea Opera Group. Concert performance of the autograph version of *Carmen*, Cambridge Guildhall, 2.30 p.m., 19 February.

ART

Royal Academy Winter Exhibition—"The Age of Charles II," Burlington House, Piccadilly, W.1, to 26 February.

The Treasures of Trinity Exhibition, with the Book of Kells, at Burlington House, to 5 March, in aid of Trinity College, Dublin, Library Extension Fund.

Toulouse-Lautrec, at the Tate Gallery, Millbank, S.W.1, to 15 March.

City of London Art, Guildhall Art Gallery, E.C.2, to 4 March.

EXHIBITIONS

Leather Goods Industries Fair, Mount Royal, Marble Arch, to 17 February.

Scottish Dairy Show, Kelvin Hall, Glasgow, to 17 February.

FESTIVALS

Redcliffe Festival of British Music concerts, Leighton House, Kensington, 28 February (also 7, 14 March).

St. Pancras Arts Festival, St. Pancras Town Hall, 25 February to 25 March.

FIRST NIGHTS

The Old Vic. *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, 18 February; *Romeo & Juliet*, 22 February.

Phoenix. *Pools Paradise*, 16 February.

Mermaid. *John Gabriel Borkman*, 16 February.

Aldwych. Stratford-on-Avon company. *The Devils*, 20 February.

Duke of York's. *The Connection*, 22 February.

Princes. *King Kong*, 23 February.

Royal Court. *The Changeling*, 23 February.

THEATRE

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's see page 318.

Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'Be.

"... vivid picture of day-by-day life in the spieles... a collection of thumbnail sketches of low life with the saving quality of authenticity... a play with a few good songs thrown in." Miriam Karlin, Maurice Kaufmann, Bryan Pringle. (Garriok Theatre, TEM 4601.)

The Amorous Prawn. "... a hearty farce packed with stuff that keeps the audience laughing... the leading parts are charmingly played." Evelyn Laye, Walter Fitzgerald, Hugh McDermott (Piccadilly Theatre, GER 4506.)

CINEMA

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's see page 318.

The Sundowners. "... if you are fed up with sorry tales of war, crime and crazy juvenile delinquents you cannot do better than take yourself to this film... you will find no wrong 'uns here—all the people are hard-working, rough but friendly, and I can't tell you how much I enjoyed their company." Robert Mitchum, Peter Ustinov, Deborah Kerr. (Warner Theatre, GER 3423.)

The Singer Not The Song. "... conflict between a courageous priest and an utterly ruthless bandit in a small Mexican town... the outcome seemed to me highly controversial—still, what's wrong with that?" John Mills, Dirk Bogarde, Mylene Demongeot. (Odeon, Leicester Square, WHI 6111.)

BRIGGS by Graham



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GOING PLACES TO EAT

John Baker White

Town two & a country call

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W.B. = Wise to book a table

The Carlton Tower, Rib Room (BEL 5411.) This 200-seat American-type restaurant, with walls of oak panels and red felt and banquettes covered with black leather, is dominated by a 16 ft. long copper canopy. Under it stands the carver with the joints of beef that with jacket potatoes and vegetables are its single speciality. It is certainly some of the best meat in London, and about the most expensive, for this is essentially a rich man's restaurant, organized to satisfy the highest standard of 1960 Anglo-American sophistication. Allow £2 a head, without drink, and you will not be far out. But everything is of

the highest quality, from the hand-wrought silver plates and red Irish linen table cloths to the Swedish glass and outsize crystal chandelier. *W.B.*

Cordon Rouge, 11 Sloane Street (top end). (SLO 2891.) Quite new, but my guess is that soon it will be a case of *W.B.* My first meal in it was an avocado pear filled with crab and a French dressing, roast duck with a special piquant orange sauce, and Gorgonzola cheese of high quality. The restaurant is of medium size the décor modern, but restful, the service good. Allow about 12s. 6d. for the main dish or 25s. for a good meal. Until the new licensing Bill comes into force you must send out for wines.



GOING PLACES LATE

Douglas Sutherland

Bandits help the house

I HAVE BEEN INSPECTING THE CROP of fruit machines—the so-called one-armed bandits—now making a legal appearance in clubs all over London. The law demands that these machines must not be operated for private profit and most club owners claim that the takings are employed in “improving the amenities of the club.” I had seen little evidence of this until I visited a club run by a woman, Betty Chutter's **Little House Club** in Shepherd Market. There on one evening in every week all drinks are served at far below normal prices, the balance being made up by profits from the machines. I can't tell you

which evening it will be this week but if you do strike lucky your gin and Scotch will cost you just one shilling a nip. Other clubs please copy.

Betty Chutter is not the only woman club owner, London has quite a colony of them. On the other side of the Market is Ruby Lloyd's **Maisonette Club** and there are three or four more really worthwhile clubs all run by women within a good stone's throw of it. Notable is the **Tree Trunk**, just around the corner in Albemarle Street. It was run for many years by Vi Woodrow who has now retired. New owner is Val Hoolahan,



LEWIS MORLEY

Mr. G. S. Foulds supervises barrels & bottles at the Australian Wine Centre

Crown Hotel, Evesham. (Tel. 6137.) This fine old house deserves its three-star rating. The bedrooms are clean and comfortable, the water hot. The dining room, with its collection of fine pottery, is airy, the food good, breakfast and coffee excellent. Friendly service, with an original touch—a “good-morning” card from the proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Hanson, came up with my tea. It wished me “a happy and prosperous day,” and reminded me that for nearly four centuries the Crown has never closed.

Wine Note

Ten wine-makers, all of whom have been in business over 100 years, have got together to establish the Australian Wine Centre at 25 Frith

Street, Soho. Here, in an original setting, wines are on sale by the bottle or the dozen. Not only have the Australians made a specialized study of vine culture over a long period, but they send their experts all over the world to advise other growers. If their wines are a new adventure for you I would suggest as a trial run Hardy's Flor Fino Sherry—bottled in Australia—at 14s. 6d. per bottle, Gramp's Barossa Reisling at 8s. or the same shipper's Spaetle at 11s. 6d.—to my mind a wine of outstanding character—and Lindemann's St. Cora Burgundy at 9s. These are not necessarily the cheapest wines. There are sound sherries from 10s. per bottle, table wines from 7s., and dessert wines from 10s. 6d.

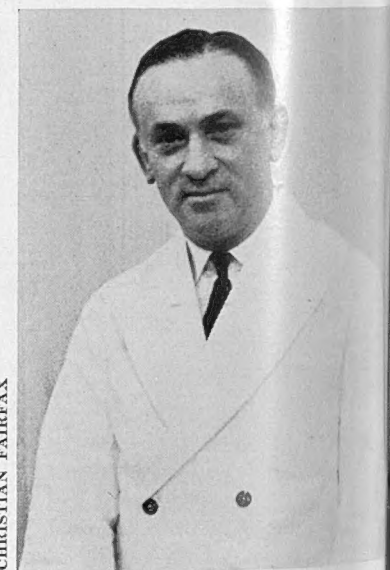
whom many people will remember from the days when she ran the famous Val's Taverne in Brighton. Having a drink in the Tree Trunk the other day I was delighted to see Joe Bitton back playing the piano again. Well-known in London clubs a few years back, Joe has since spent some adventurous years playing his way around the world and was for some time resident in Canada. Incidentally one unusual aspect of this club is its snack bar which opens every evening, making the Tree Trunk a useful place to meet for a quick pre-theatre supper.

Next door in Dover Street three floors up overlooking Piccadilly is **Tommy's Club** owned by Jill Manning who used to have the Villa D'Este in Bayswater. It's a useful club to belong to, especially during royal processions when members get a view second to none.

Probably the largest of these afternoon and evening clubs is Jean Forman's **Swallow Club** in Stratton Street. This is a lively and amusing spot and a great meeting place for out-of-town visitors. Though the bar is large you will find that the *lebensraum* is apt to get restricted, especially at times like the Motor Show.

All the clubs I have mentioned open at three o'clock in the afternoon and run straight through until 11 p.m. You can become a member

by writing to the club and it is usual for 48 hours to elapse before the membership becomes valid. The subscription is usually two guineas and there is no entrance fee.



CHRISTIAN FAIRFAX

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I HAVE noticed lately that at even the most Chelsea of gatherings, jet-talk vies with Pinter and Delaney as a topic. The relative merits of Boeings and Comets, Caravelles and DC8s (and the service that goes with them) is debated as hotly as anything that goes on at the Royal Court, nor is the discussion limited merely to the mechanically minded. Travel by air in general and by jet in particular is still exciting enough not to be taken for granted. I wish it were, like trains, and that one could be spared all that tiresome nannying around at airports. On the contrary, people are still ready to give chapter and verse on their most recent flight: "*Marvellous caviar all the way from Bombay to Karachi . . . !*" or "*Can you imagine how ghastly: piled up over Idlewild for 35 minutes, and they'd stopped serving drinks?*"

Even in this, the most highly-mechanized form of transport, the human element creeps in as well as weather and conditions that nobody can help. In spite of the airlines' efforts to provide a streamline of sympathetic, pretty stewardesses, versed in languages, psychology and obstetrics, there are still some of them who love their calling more than others. Depending, too, on the time of year and the aircraft's payload, the stewardess may have more or less leisure to attend to your personal whims. The standard of service in the usually less-full first class compartment owes much to

this factor. On a tourist flight in August or September, with the aircraft booked to capacity, you may feel the pinch of brass-tack economy in a way that is not so evident in the off-season, when you can put your baggage and literature, if not your feet, on the next door seat.

But "Jetting there"—the inevitable slogan of more than one airline—is on the way to revolutionizing not only speed but (in my opinion) class with it. First class, with the accompanying attentions, leg room and general comfort, remains a desirable status symbol for expense-account travellers. But if you're the one who is paying, you've got to consume an awful lot of free caviar and champagne to bridge the financial gap in the fare, spread over a mere two- or three-hour flight. Yet in fairness, this gap (as for example between the off-peak summer night tourist fare to Rome of £33 13s. and the daytime first class fare of £74 16s.) must be judged on wider issues than the basis of comfort and free drinks. For one thing, not all tourist and night flights are by jet, and for another, the full first class fare is valid for 12 months and allows quite a leeway of time and places to stop at *en route*, whereas the tourist excursion fares are usually limited to one month or less. Then, consider the more expansive baggage allowance (a 22 lb. difference, but the excess charges mount alarmingly

over a long distance). And finally, night tourist means exactly what it says. It can entail some tedious hanging about at the airports at the most unsympathetic hours of arrival and departure. Leaving London at 0100 and arriving in Rome at 0400 is one example in summer. What price a night's sleep?

Going to the other extreme, I made a recent trip to Paris on the Golden Arrow—a journey that is extravagant in terms of both time and money, which is exactly its appeal. The smoked salmon sandwiches and gin and tonic on the English side were leisurely and delicious. Luncheon on the French train, with the familiar fat curls of butter and the *apéritifs* chalked up in pencil on the table cloth (itself such a profligate gesture) rewarded a long-felt nostalgia. On the boat, automatically reserved seats in the first class lounge were welcome indeed in that grey December chill.

All of which is as it should be. The Golden Arrow costs £15 12s. 6d. return, as opposed to £9 8s. for ordinary second class. Yet the matter of disembarking is as egalitarian as Judgment Day: all the passengers jammed the boat deck for the last 20 minutes before we docked, jockeying for position, to the accompaniment of loud-speaker announcements that the French train was leaving within minutes. You are impeded down a too-narrow gangway by people who

have not got porters, even if you've achieved yours. Not that I mind travelling rough, at rough prices; but if the Pullman Car Company wants to keep the carriage trade of leisured travellers, who are required to tip exactly ten times in one journey, surely it is time they did something as simple as arranging a separate gangway for them.

Much as I enjoy travelling overland (though the comfort of pure jets is rapidly altering my opinion), I must record another cautionary tale with my eye still on what proved to be some expensive teeth-marks. I mean the penalty of changing one's mind, which in all ignorance I did—twice—over a train and boat trip to Barcelona. I started with second class reservations, and then, thinking of 36 hours' comfort, I changed them for first. Finally I was pressed for time and had to fly. The penalty for my indecision was a bill of £10 for cancellation fees. Investigating this painful state of affairs, it seems that one is liable for up to 50 per cent of the sleeper fee (which is £14 14s. first class, and £6 4s. for couchette) unless cancellation is made within 48 hours. And even then, the time ruling can be arbitrary and depends upon the railway involved—whether French, Spanish, Italian or whatever. The airlines charge no such fee, and with competition from them mounting as it is, I would have thought somebody should think again.

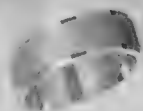


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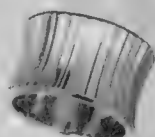
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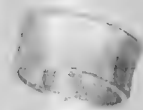
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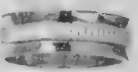
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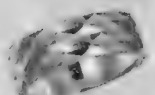
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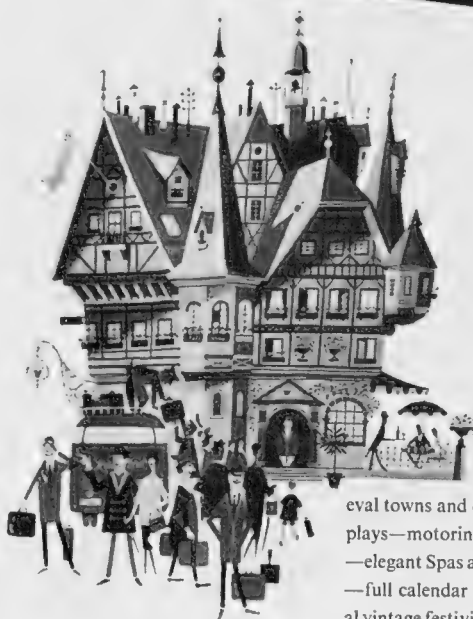
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TOULOUSE-LAUTREC

background to a boom

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GERTI DEUTSCH



Walking the cobbles of the Château de Bosc, in Lautrec, are the two nieces of the much-filmed, much-written-about Toulouse-Lautrec, whose paintings have enjoyed an increasing vogue since the war and are now in a new exhibition at the Tate. The Comtesse Attens (left) and her sister Alice still live in the family château where, as a boy, the painter had the fateful riding accident that crippled him for life.

TOULOUSE-LAUTREC —background to a boom

continued



Next to the family crest, a TV aerial signals the continuing occupation of the castle. The estate has been in the family since 1180



The man and the legend (below): photographs of Toulouse-Lautrec are grouped with shots from a film about him. At Le Bosc, say his nieces, he spent his happiest years



In the painter's bedroom, his puppet theatre, books and games remain for visitors to view



As it is, the woman's expression is one of surprise and concern. She is looking upwards and to the left, with her right arm raised, resting her hand on a horizontal surface above her head. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

WOMAN'S WORLD

— OR CONFIDENCE TRICK?

.....

by *Claud Cockburn*

YOU HAVE TO ADMIT there is something significant about Mrs. Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy's comment to a friend, as reported in the American press, when she first viewed the inside of the White House: "I'll get pregnant and stay pregnant. It's the only way out." Any English-woman knows how she feels. But, so far as American women are concerned, the suggestion that some man should take over and run the show while the little woman concentrates on having babies probably comes too late. It is by now unlikely that they can ever recover the status they have lost as a result of that mass confidence trick by men of which they have been the poor foolish victims.

Since the end of World War One—more specifically since the original introduction of Prohibition, always alleged to have been sneaked into the Constitution by the women's vote while the lads were sweating it out in the trenches—American males have more and more loudly been telling the tale that American women have taken over control, are running everything of importance in the country, have reduced men to a condition of intimidated helotry. A person would need all his fingers and toes to count the number of best-selling books written in the last five years alone to prove that what the United States is is a matriarchy.

There are plenty of indications that British men, in their restrained, well-bred way, are—and have been for years—trying to play the same game here. Note the unending flow of "funny" pictures showing men in kitchens doing the washing up, sometimes with aprons on. I doubt if one man in 40 actually does any washing up except in conditions of terrible emergency. Personally I have never met even one. The man in the pictures is there in the kitchen because he wants to put more gin into the Martinis than his wife would wish him to. Or he has an illicit assignation there. Or he is trying to fend off a divorce action for cruelty by acting humble and super-domesticated in the presence of witnesses. In any case the object of the whole operation is simply to deceive women into thinking something is happening which isn't.

In my opinion, Englishwomen pay altogether too much attention to what they think men are thinking, and this leads them up many a garden path. I am referring particularly to women with jobs and careers. I have known hundreds of "career women" from typists to courtesans to African explorers. And with nine out of 10 when things had gone awry, the reason was that the woman concerned had accepted the general male view not only of the sort of thing she was capable of doing, but the sort of things that are available to be done.

When I ran a little weekly news-sheet of my own, a whole series of girl secretaries worked with me during the intervals before they got married or had a nervous breakdown. I had numerous male assistants too, at one time and another, and I was able to establish this general axiom: There are men who have no capacity to do anything, anything at all. Life comes, so to speak, apart in their hands. I used to imagine, for instance, that if a man were snoring dull and incompetent too, he must at least be honest. Not so. I have experienced fellow-workers who, besides being moronic, were as crooked as a Soho backstreet. Women are different. There are no women who are not capable of doing *something* well, even though it is often something quite other than the thing they,

or—in the case of beginners—their parents or guardians, suppose they are good at.

One spring day I hired a perfectly gorgeous girl who always looked as though she were going to drop whatever she was doing and leave the office to attend a smart wedding—which, in point of fact, she often did. After a few days, when I had ascertained with no difficulty at all that her typist's certificate or diploma must have been obtained by bribery, she eagerly disclosed that what she deemed her true *métier* was to get around socially. She wanted to move in the highest circles and pick up the sort of top-level inside information that the news-sheet desired. She was mistaken. She got around socially in the highest circles all right, and spent hours at cocktail parties full of international tycoons, diplomats and junior Ministers. Her trouble was that (a) she did not suffer fools gladly, (b) thought most men were fools, (c) was a little allergic to the noise of the human voice.

At a time when oil politics was big in the news she would tell how she had just met Sir Henry X, head of one of the three biggest oil combines in the world. "He was booming away about some merger or other—supposed to be a secret I gathered. . . ." "And he said?" . . . "Oh, I don't know. He went on and on so. I stopped listening. Awful old fool, I thought." By this time I knew enough about women in jobs not to be discouraged. And after a short period of trial and error I found that what she had was a real genius for accurate, meticulous research work. She could spend a happy day at Somerset House, or the London Library, or the British Museum reading room, or the files of a couple of newspaper offices and come back with a bagful of more explosive interest than she could have got at a hundred cocktail parties.

I knew a lovely French girl from the Lozère, deep in the heart of provincial France, who married the Paris correspondent of a famous British newspaper. She had all the instincts of a typical French provincial housewife, but friends told her that in Paris she would have to do a lot of smart entertaining, attend innumerable diplomatic dinners and receptions. That would be part of her wifely job. She hated gadding about and having comparative strangers to the house, and the whole notion appalled her. But just because platitudinously minded men told her it was an essential part of her new career she tried to do it.

In terms of aid and comfort to her husband, results were meagre. Then, by mutual consent, she dropped all that and spent most of her time at the markets or in her kitchen. Success was immediate. Of course she was happy because she was doing what she did excellently, and he because he was eating so well. But the real triumph was of a different nature. At moments of crisis, the correspondent regularly got urgent requests for messages describing "the average citizen's reaction" to this or that, or giving an informed "round-up of French public opinion." Then he would put his head round the kitchen door and say: "*Marie, cette crise alors—qu'est qu'on en pense?*" Without relaxing her attention to the pots and pans, she would tell him whatever she happened to be thinking about the crisis, and he would go back to his typewriter and write "*Public opinion here is shocked by . . .*" or "*The average French citizen views the latest developments with a calm bordering on apathy. . . .*"

He gained high reputation as a man who knew "the real France," without in fact ever passing beyond the circle of the Grands Boulevards. And it was his wife who, by remaining the average French woman, had finally established him.

One notes a certain analogy between the behaviour of that lady from Lozère and the reported intentions of Mrs. Kennedy—so sharply at variance with the supposedly correct pattern of a modern American woman's life. In this she shows rare courage and proper indifference to fashionable conventions. English women may learn from her, not necessarily to "get pregnant and stay pregnant," but to avoid being type-cast (often at an early age) for this or that job and none other. If your father, brothers and boy friends all tell you that with your figure you ought to get a job on the stage of the Windmill Theatre, do not take that for granted, nor be disappointed if you try it and fail. Maybe your real bent is in the box office, and you'll do best talking a gallery customer into an orchestra stall.

SOCIAL MINIATURES

*A selection for
1961, photographed by
TOM HUSTLER*



Miss Sarah Goalen is the daughter of the late Flt.-Lt. Ian Goalen, and of Mrs. Nigel Campbell, of Chester Square, who is having a cocktail party for her on 8 May. Sarah hopes to follow her famous mother to success as a model



Miss Sibylla Edmonstone is the youngest daughter of the late Sir Archibald Edmonstone, Bt., and of the Dowager Lady Edmonstone, of Lettre Cottage, Killearn. Lady Edmonstone is having a dance for her at the Hyde Park Hotel on 30 May

Some introductory glimpses of this season's partygoing newcomers, whose faces in a few hectic months from now will have grown as familiar as many a portrait in the Tate . . .



SOCIAL
MINIATURES
continued



Miss Jane Barlow, daughter of Sir Robert & Lady Barlow (actress Margaret Rawlings), is another deb hoping to follow her mother's career. She plans to go to drama school in the autumn. Her dance is on 6 July



Miss Penelope Ann Haworth, the elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Richard Haworth, lives at Chetwode Priory, Buckingham, where her mother is having a dance for her on 22 July. Penelope loves riding and hunting, and is thinking of studying medicine later on



Miss Diana Skyrme also wants to go on the stage; she starts at R.A.D.A this month. She is the daughter of Major Thomas Skyrme, and of the Hon. Mrs. Suzanne Skyrme, of Nettlebed, Henley-on-Thames, who is having a dinner dance for her at the Dorchester on 11 May

Opposite: Lady Judith Compton, daughter of the Marquess of Northampton, is one of the few debbs with two dances this summer. The first, on 10 May, is given by her mother, Mrs. Thomas Hussey, in London; the second, on 23 June, by her stepmother, the Marchioness of Northampton, at Castle Ashby

DATES FOR DEBUTANTES

Friday, 17 March

Mrs. G. T. Hurrell for Miss Martha Hurrell and her niece Miss Victoria Evans, with

Mrs. W. G. Sedgwick Rough for Miss Wendy and Miss Caroline Sedgwick Rough, at the Pitt Club, Cambridge

Saturday, 22 April

The Hon. Mrs. Glover for Miss Ann Glover and for the coming-of-age of Mr. John Glover, at Maryland Wood, Worplesdon Hill, Surrey

Wednesday, 26 April

Mrs. Francis Govett for her niece Miss Tania Heald, at Quaglinos

Thursday, 27 April

Mrs. Kenneth Urquhart for Miss Althea Urquhart, in Ireland

Thursday, 4 May

Mrs. John Boyd-Carpenter (small dance) for Miss Anne Boyd-Carpenter, in London

Friday, 5 May

Lady Norrie for the Hon. Sarah Norrie, at the Ham, Wantage, Berkshire

Monday, 8 May

Mrs. David Bendall, Mrs. John Clarke and Mrs. Robert Goad for their daughters Miss Fern Bendall, Miss Anne Cornwallis and Miss Valerie Goad, at Hurlingham

Tuesday, 9 May

Mrs. William May and Mrs. Douglas Pilkington for Miss Sally May and Miss Jane Pilkington, at 6 Hamilton Place

Wednesday, 10 May

Mrs. Thomas Hussey for her daughter Lady Judith Compton, at 53 Egerton Crescent, S.W.3

Thursday, 11 May

The Hon. Mrs. Suzanne Skyrme (dinner dance) for Miss Diana Skyrme, at the Dorchester

Friday, 12 May

Marguerite Lady Hastings and her daughter Lady Joan Gordon (dinner dance) for Lady Joan's daughter Miss Diana Astley, at the Dorchester

Tuesday, 16 May

Mrs. Edgar Ivens for Miss Barbara Ivens, at Fair Lawn, Totteridge

Wednesday, 17 May

Mrs. William Harris and Mrs. Arthur Ponsonby for Miss Hermione Harris and Mrs. Ponsonby's stepdaughter Miss Sarah Ponsonby and daughter Miss Caroline Galitzine, in London

Thursday, 18 May

Mrs. Joseph Nickerson for Miss Diana Nickerson, in London

Mrs. Douglas Parker and Mrs. Savill Young for Miss Janetta Parker and Miss Verona Young, at Quaglinos

Tuesday, 23 May

Mrs. Mackeson-Sandbach for Miss Auriol Mackeson-Sandbach, in London

Wednesday, 24 May

Mrs. Robert Calvert for Miss Patricia Calvert, at Quaglinos

Thursday, 25 May

Mrs. John Gommès for Miss Odile Gommès, at Lincoln's Inn

Friday, 26 May

Mrs. Dan Sheppard and Mrs. Timothy Gurney

(small dance) for Miss Gillian Sheppard and Miss Jeannine Gurney, at Ashwell Bury, near Baldock

Saturday, 27 May

Lady Roberts for Miss Catherine Roberts, at Cockley Cley Hall, Swaffham, Norfolk

Mrs. Frederick Versen for Miss Miranda Versen, at Pentlands, Englefield Green, Surrey

Monday, 29 May

The Marchioness of Bath and the Hon. David Tennant for their daughter Miss Sabrina Tennant, in London

Tuesday, 30 May

The Dowager Lady Edmonstone for Miss Sibylla Edmonstone, at the Hyde Park Hotel

Wednesday, 31 May

Mrs. Julian Ridsdale for Miss Penny Ridsdale, at 12 The Boltons, S.W.10

Thursday, 1 June

Mrs. Brian Franks and Mrs. Miles de Zoete for Miss Valerie Franks and Miss Sarah de Zoete, at the Hyde Park Hotel

Mrs. Wyatt Larken for Miss Meriel Larken, at Hurlingham

Friday, 2 June

Lady Lathbury and Mrs. C. M. F. Deakin for Miss Virginia Lathbury and Miss Juliet Deakin, at Flagstaff House, Walton-on-Thames

Monday, 5 June

Lady Buxton for her daughter Miss Miranda Chisenhale-Marsh, at Claridge's

Tuesday, 6 June

Mrs. John Dupree for Miss Sally Dupree, at the Hyde Park Hotel

Wednesday, 7 June

Lady Mary Lyon for her adopted daughter Miss Ariel Strickland at Walpole House, Chiswick Mall (kindly lent by Lady Violet Benson)
Lady Thomson and Mrs. Malcolm McKenzie for Miss Rosemary Thomson and Miss Jane McKenzie, at the Savoy (River Room)

Thursday, 8 June

Viscountess Wimborne for the Hon. Frances Ann Guest and the Hon. Ivor Guest

Friday, 9 June

Mrs. Harry Oppenheimer for Miss Mary Oppenheimer, at Durdans, Epsom (kindly lent by Lady Helen Smith)

Mrs. Mark Norman and Mrs. James Carnegie for Miss Virginia Norman and Miss Susan Carnegie, at Moor Place, Much Hadham

Lady Mott-Radcliff for her stepdaughter Miss Theresa Mott-Radcliff, at Barningham Hall, Norfolk

Saturday, 10 June

The Hon. Mrs. Philip Kindersley for Miss Virginia Kindersley, at The Manor House, Cuckfield, Sussex
Mrs. Harold Scott for Miss Verena Scott and for the coming-of-age of Mr. David Scott, at Encombe, Wareham, Dorset

Wednesday, 14 June

Mrs. Tim Hinde for Miss Jessica Hinde, in London

Friday, 16 June

Mrs. John Guest for Miss Carol Guest, at the Royal Berkshire Golf Club, Ascot
Mrs. Peter Holdsworth Hunt for her daughter Miss Caroline St. Clair Ford, at Tanfield Place, West Clandon, Surrey

Saturday, 17 June

Lady Terrington and Lt.-Col. Eric Cooper-Key for the Hon. Lavinia Woodhouse and Miss Julia and Miss Nicola Cooper-Key, at Walkern Old Rectory, Hertfordshire

Monday, 19 June

Mrs. Miki Sekers for Miss Christine Sekers, in London

Tuesday, 20 June

Lady Kenyon for her daughter Miss Sarah Peel, at Sloane House, Old Church Street, Chelsea (kindly lent by Mr. & Mrs. John Ehrman)

Wednesday, 21 June

The Countess of Cromer (small dance) for Lady Lana Baring, at Warwick House, St. James's

Thursday, 22 June

Lady (Colin) Anderson for Miss Rose Anderson, at Admiral's House, Hampstead
Mrs. William de Vigier (dinner dance) for Miss Anne de Vigier, at Tinkers Lodge, Mill Hill

Friday, 23 June

The Marchioness of Northampton for her stepdaughter Lady Judith Compton, at Castle Ashby, Northants
Mrs. Villiers-Stuart for her granddaughter Miss Aurelia Nemon-Stuart, at Beachamwell Hall, Norfolk
Mrs. Philip Spencer for Miss Harriet Spencer, at Norbury Park, Mickleham, Surrey

Saturday, 24 June

The Hon. Mrs. Robert Digby for Miss Caroline Digby, at Minterne, Dorset
Mrs. John Hopwood for Miss Philippa Hopwood, at Brackenber Lodge, Sunningdale
Mrs. George Lowther for Miss Sheila Lowther, at Holdenby House, Northampton
Mrs. Edward Paget and the Hon. Mrs. Scott (small dance) for Miss Diana Paget and Miss Fiona Scott, at Old Allens, Plaxtol, Kent

Monday, 26 June

Lady Elliott of Stobs and Mrs. Alan Jackson for their daughters Miss Elizabeth Westmacott and Miss Gilleen Parker, in London

Tuesday, 27 June

The Hon. Mrs. Davies for Miss Lavinia Davies, at Claridge's

Wednesday, 28 June

Mrs. John Trethowan for Miss Nicola Trethowan, in London
Lady Hulton for Miss Elizabeth Hulton, at Cleeve Lodge, Hyde Park Gate, S.W.7

Thursday, 29 June

Lady Vaughan-Morgan for Miss Julia Vaughan-Morgan, at Merchant Taylors' Hall
Mrs. T. P. Burns and Mrs. Harold Phelps for Miss Jean Burns and Miss Ann Phelps, at the Dorchester (Orchid Room)

Friday, 30 June

Mrs. Edward Sutro for Miss Caroline Sutro, at Stocketts Manor, Oxted, Surrey
Mrs. Richard Piper (small dance) for Miss Diana Piper, at Weir Courtney, Lingfield, Surrey
Mrs. Archibald Balfour for Miss Janet Balfour, at Birling Place, Kent (kindly lent by Mrs. John Balfour)

Saturday, 1 July

Mrs. George Raikes for Miss Cleone Raikes, at The Ridge, Coleman's Hatch, Sussex
Mrs. Peter Watt for Miss Perdita Watt, at Odsey House, Ashwell, near Baldock

SOCIAL
MINIATURES
continued



The Hon. Serena Inskip is the elder daughter of Viscount & Viscountess Caldecote. She shares a dance on 10 October with Claire, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Douglas Pelly



The Hon. Cecilia Hawke, third of Lord & Lady Hawke's seven daughters, shares a dance on 7 July with Cecilia, daughter of Col. Richard & Lady Barbara Hurst, and Olivia, daughter of Sir John & Lady Wedgwood



The Hon. Lavinia Woodhouse, daughter of Lord & Lady Terrington, shares a dance on 17 June with Julia and Nicola, daughters of Lt.-Col. Eric Cooper-Key and of Mrs. John Mills. She hopes for a career in fashion and already makes her own clothes



Miss Sarah Peel, daughter of Lady Kenyon and the late Lt. Hugo Peel, has a dance in London on 20 June

DATES FOR DEBUTANTES

continued

Monday, 3 July

Lady Prior-Palmer and Mrs. Arnold Hagenbach for Miss Penelope Prior-Palmer and Miss Julia and Miss Lisa Hagenbach, at the Dorchester
Mrs. Lewis Civic for Miss Julia Civic, at 6 Hamilton Place

Tuesday, 4 July

Mme. Kilian Hennessy, Mrs. Anthony Burke and Mrs. James Windsor-Lewis for their daughters
Miss Lavinia de Laszlo, Miss Moira Pilkington and Miss Bronwen Windsor-Lewis, at the Savoy
Mrs. Robert Fane and Mrs. Eldon Power for Miss Priscilla Fane and Miss Marily Power, at Quaglino's

Wednesday, 5 July

Susan Lady Lawrence for Miss Louise Lawrence, at 25 Blomfield Road, W.9

Thursday, 6 July

Lady Mairi Bury for the Hon. Rose Keppel, at Londonderry House
Lady Barlow for Miss Jane Barlow, at the Dorchester

Friday, 7 July

Lady Barbara Hurst, Lady Hawke and Lady Wedgwood for Miss Cecilia Hurst, the Hon. Cecilia Hawke and Miss Olivia Wedgwood, at Leith Hill Place, Surrey

Saturday, 8 July

The Hon. Mrs. Price for Miss Elizabeth Price, in Warwickshire
Mrs. Ivo Reid for Miss Miranda Reid, at Thorpe Mandeville Manor, Banbury

Monday, 10 July

Mrs. George Sullivan for her daughter Miss Adrienne Tweedy, at the Naval & Military Club

Tuesday, 11 July

Lady Oppenheim (small dance) for Miss Sarah-Jane Oppenheim, at the Fellows' Dining-room at the Zoo

Wednesday, 12 July

Mrs. Jack Trevor for Miss Carol-Ann Trevor

Thursday, 13 July

Mrs. Ralph le Fleming and Mrs. Philip Lawton for Miss Patricia le Fleming and Miss Philippa Lawton, at 6 Belgrave Square

Friday, 14 July

The Duke and Duchess of Marlborough for their granddaughter Miss Serena Russell and for the coming-of-age of their son Lord Charles Spencer-Churchill, at Blenheim
Mrs. John Temple for her daughter Miss Diana Temple, at Heron Bridge, Chester (kindly lent by Col. & the Hon. Mrs. Boileau)

Saturday, 15 July

Mrs. Edward Clifford-Turner (small dance) for her granddaughter Miss Victoria Sykes, at Chobham, Surrey
Mrs. Richard Kindersley (small dance) for Miss Avril Kindersley, in the Isle of Wight
Mrs. George de Worms (small dance) for Miss Anne and Miss Rosamund de Worms, in Essex

Monday, 17 July

The Countess of Meath and Lady Windley for Lady Romyne Brabazon and Miss Fiona Windley, in London

Tuesday, 18 July

Mrs. Henry Benson and Mrs. John Hunt for Miss Phyllida Benson and Miss Rosemary Hunt, at the Guards' Boat Club, Maidenhead

Wednesday, 19 July

Mrs. Garth Bird and Mrs. Fokko Kortland (small

dance) for Miss Fiona Bird and Miss Olga Kortland, at Hurlingham

Thursday, 20 July

Mrs. Kenneth Morton-Evans for Miss Angela Morton-Evans, at the Hyde Park Hotel

Friday, 21 July

Mr. & Mrs. Henry de Laszlo (small dance) for his goddaughter Miss Jane de Laszlo, at Pentlands, Englefield Green, Surrey
Mrs. Schreiber for Miss Clare Schreiber, at Marlesford Hall, Woodbridge, Suffolk
Lady Cuforth and Mrs. Oswald Milne for Miss Elizabeth Cuforth and Miss Susan Milne, at Winkfield Place, Windsor Forest
Mrs. R. Kynaston Lloyd for Miss Carolyn Lloyd, in Wiltshire

Saturday, 22 July

Mrs. Richard Haworth for Miss Penelope Ann Haworth, at Chetwode Priory, Buckingham
Major & Mrs. John Davie and the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald for Miss Clare Davie, at Charlton Musgrove House, Wincanton

Friday, 23 July

Lady Killearn (small dance) for the Hon. Jacquetta Lampson, at Herstmonceux Castle, Sussex (kindly lent by the Astronomer Royal)
Mrs. W. Wilson and Mrs. Willis Roxburgh for their daughters Miss Valerie Russell and Miss Jennifer Roxburgh and for the coming-of-age of Miss Patricia Russell, at Kincaple House, near St. Andrews

Saturday, 29 July

Mrs. Jason Borthwick for Miss Rosalind Borthwick, at Deepdale House, Brancaster Staithe, Norfolk

Friday, 4 August

Lady Blois for her stepdaughter Miss Gillian Blois and Mrs. R. R. Shelley for her daughter Miss Rebecca Philipotts, at Yoxford, Saxmundham, Suffolk

Tuesday, 8 August

Mrs. Patrick Herdman for Miss Olivia Herdman, in Ireland

Saturday, 19 August

Mrs. Roger Ingham for Miss Jane Ingham, at Belkwood Hall, Ripon

Friday, 25 August

Lady Anstruther-Gray and Mrs. Alick Lawson for Miss Jane Anstruther-Gray and Miss Elizabeth Lawson, at Kilmany, Cupar, Fife

Saturday, 2 September

Mrs. Peter Mackay-James for Miss Susanah Mackay-James, at Glencruitten, by Oban

Tuesday, 5 September

Mrs. Michael Noble for Miss Catharine Noble, at Ardkinglas

Friday, 8 September

Mrs. Edward Erith (small dance) for Miss Perdita Erith, at Phyllis Court, Henley

Monday, 11 September

Lady Rowallan for the Hon. Fiona Corbett and for the coming-of-age of the Hon. Robert Corbett, at Rowallan, Kilmarnock

Friday, 15 September

Mrs. Raymond Sturge and Mrs. Arthur Skipwith for Miss Sara Sturge and Miss Sara Jane and Miss Anne Skipwith (twins), at Pendell House, Bletchingley

Saturday, 16 September

The Hon. Mrs. Kidd for Miss Jane Kidd, at Auton Dokwells, Milverton, Somerset

Wednesday, 20 September

Mrs. Peter Nugent for her daughter Miss Heather Millington and for the coming-of-age of her son, Mr. Alastair Hodges Nugent

Friday, 22 September

Mrs. Paul de Laszlo for Miss Jane de Laszlo, at Orchards, Godalming, Surrey

Saturday, 23 September

Mrs. Thomas Boardman and Mrs. Alex Thorneycroft for their daughters Miss Rosemary Chaworth-Musters and Miss Camilla and Miss Verena Thorneycroft, in the country

Friday, 29 September

Mrs. John Inglis-Jones for her stepdaughter Miss Sara Inglis-Jones, at Earlywood, Ascot (kindly lent by the Countess of Portarlington)

Saturday, 30 September

Lady (Richard) Graham for the coming-of-age of Mr. James Graham and Mrs. Alastair Graham for Miss Caroline Graham, at Norton Conyers, near Ripon

Mrs. Jack Hargreaves (small dance) for Miss Mayling Hargreaves, at Twyford Hall, Dereham, Norfolk

Monday, 2 October

Mrs. Robert Skene for Miss Patricia Skene, in Regent's Park
Mrs. Cedric Terry (small dinner dance) for Miss Susan Terry, in London

Tuesday, 3 October

Mrs. Michael Callender for Miss Petronilla Callender, in London
Mrs. Neil Denholm for Miss Belinda Denholm, in London

Wednesday, 4 October

Viscountess Caldecote and Mrs. Douglas Pelly for the Hon. Serena Inskip and Miss Claire Pelly, in London

Thursday, 5 October

Lady Brinckman for Miss Theadora Elizabeth Brinckman, at Quaglino's

Friday, 6 October

Mrs. J. P. Mann and Mrs. Edward Scott for Miss Celia Mann and Miss Sarah Scott, at Brimley House, Reading

Saturday, 7 October

Mrs. Robert Petre for Miss Claudia Petre, Turworth Down House, Basingstoke

Tuesday, 10 October

Mrs. Amyas Chichester for Miss Sally and Miss Clare Chichester, in London

Wednesday, 11 October

Mrs. David Barbour and Mrs. William Ritchie for Miss Lydia Barbour and Miss Caroline Ritchie, in London

Thursday, 12 October

Mrs. John Fisher for Miss Angela Fisher, at the Hyde Park Hotel

Friday, 13 October

Mrs. Peter Courtauld for Miss Sarah Courtauld and for the coming-of-age of Mr. Simon Courtauld, in Hampshire
Mrs. Wilfred Steel for Miss Elizabeth Steel, at Aston Abbots, near Aylesbury

Saturday, 14 October

Mrs. Donald McCall, Mrs. Andrew Carnwath and Mrs. Robin Higgins for Miss Gillian McCall, Miss Felicity Carnwath and Miss Jocelyn Higgins, at Heydon Place, near Royston

Tuesday, 17 October

The Hon. Mrs. Beauchamp for Miss Susan Beauchamp, at the Savoy

Friday, 20 October

Mrs. William Mark-Wardlaw and Mrs. Neil Hadow for Miss Helen and Miss Phyllis Mark-Wardlaw and Miss Diana Hadow, at Hurlingham

Thursday, 26 October

Lady Birkin and Mrs. Barry Black (small dance) for Miss Amanda Birkin and Miss Nicola Black

Friday, 27 October

Mrs. George F. Taylor for Miss Sarah Taylor, in London

Thursday, 2 November

Mrs. de Burgh Whyte and her daughter Mrs. A. Waller for Mrs. Waller's daughter Miss Antonia Peck, at the Carlton Towers Hotel

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



Miss Camilla Wigan is the daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Dare Wigan, of West Blagdon, Cranborne, Dorset. Camilla will share a dance with another Camilla, daughter of Sir Anthony Rumbold, Bt., and Lady Rumbold. Sir Anthony is at the British Embassy in Paris and the date of the dance will not be decided until the family returns to London.



Miss Sally Dupree is the daughter of the Hon. William Bethell, and of Mrs. John Dupree. Her mother and stepfather live at Bembridge, so Sally gets a lot of sailing, which she loves. Her dance is on 6 June.



The Hon. Rose Keppel is the daughter of Viscount Bury, and of Lady Mairi Bury. Her dance, on 6 July, is at Londonderry House, Lady Mairi's family home.



Miss Mary Oppenheimer, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Harry Oppenheimer, is being lent Lady Helen Smith's house at Epsom for her dance on 9 June. The Oppenheimers live mostly in Johannesburg, but from April they are staying at a flat in Eaton Square.



MIDWINTER NIGHT'S SCENE

*Champagne in the Crush Bar
celebrated the opening of
Britten's opera "A Midsummer
Night's Dream" at Covent Garden*

PHOTOGRAPHS: TOM HUSTLER



Guests who found the crush bar too much of a crush stood out on the stairs



*The audience take their seats for the last act of
the Benjamin Britten opera*



*Miss Betty Newmark and Miss Diana Wynyard
at the celebration party in the crush bar*



*Curtain call: On stage with the cast are M. John Piper
(scenery & costumes), Sir John Gielgud (producer) and*

DATES FOR DEBUTANTES

continued

Friday, 8 December

*The Hon. Mrs. McCorquodale for Miss Christina
McCorquodale, at Melchbourne Park, Bedfordshire*

Monday, 11 December

*Mrs. Sparke Davies for Miss Edwina Sparke Davies,
in London*

Tuesday, 12 December

*Mrs. J. C. Armitage and Mrs. Kenric Mardon for
their daughters Miss Susanna Cooper and Miss
Susan Mardon, in London*

Thursday, 14 December

*Mrs. Herbert Duncan, Mrs. Claude Nicol and Mrs.
Donald Fraser for Miss Anna Duncan, Miss Judy
Nicol and Miss Ellen Fraser, in London*

Monday, 18 December

*Margaret Lady Glanusk for the Hon. Shân Bailey,
in London*

Wednesday, 15 March

*Mrs. Charles Chadwyck-Healey for Miss Philippa
Chadwyck-Healey, at Quaglino's*

Thursday, 16 March

*Mrs. Wilfred Steel for Miss Elizabeth Steel, at the
Hyde Park Hotel*

Thursday, 23 March

*Lady Mary Lyon for her adopted daughter Miss Ariel
Strickland, at Walpole House, Chiswick Mall
(kindly lent by Lady Violet Benson)*

Tuesday, 4 April

*Mrs. Robert Skene and Mrs. Richard Cumming for
Miss Patricia Skene and Miss Lenore Cumming, in
Regent's Park*

Wednesday, 5 April

*Mrs. Robert Petre and Mrs. Ronald Bancroft Cooke
for Miss Claudia Petre and for the coming-of-age of
Mr. Christopher Bancroft Cooke, at the Cavalry Club
Mrs. Harry Stanley for her daughter Miss Annabel
Sykes
Lady Buxton for her daughter Miss Miranda
Chisenhale-Marsh, in London*

Thursday, 6 April

*Viscountess Caldecote and Mrs. Douglas Pelly for the
Hon. Serena Inskip and Miss Claire Pelly, at the
Cavalry Club
Mrs. T. P. Burns for Miss Jean Burns, in London*

Friday, 7 April

Lady Birkin for Miss Amanda Birkin, in London

Monday, 10 April

*The Earl & Countess of Verulam for Lady
Hermione Grimston, at the House of Lords
Mrs. Kenric Mardon for Miss Susan Mardon, at
59 Eaton Square*

*Mrs. Ruth Fenwick for Miss Elizabeth Fenwick, at
45 Thurloe Square*

Tuesday, 11 April

*Lady Georgina Coleridge for Miss Frances Coleridge,
in London
Mrs. Sparke Davies and Mrs. A. Waller for Miss
Edwina Sparke Davies and Miss Antonia Waller, at
the Naval & Military Club
Mrs. Michael Barstow for Miss Mary Barstow*

Wednesday, 12 April

*Mrs. Basil Radcliffe for Miss Anne Radcliffe, at
the Naval & Military Club
Mrs. J. C. Armitage (cocktail dance) for her daughter
Miss Susanna Cooper, at 6 Belgrave Square
Mrs. Raymond Sturge for Miss Sara Sturge, at
37 Lennox Gardens
Susan Lady Lawrence for Miss Louise Lawrence, at
25 Blomfield Road, W.9*

Thursday, 13 April

*Mrs. Christopher Phillpotts and Mrs. Ambrosine
Reiss for Miss Julie Phillpotts, at the United Service
Club*

Monday, 17 April

*Lady Kenyon for her daughter Miss Sarah Peel,
at the Cavalry Club*

Tuesday, 18 April

*Mrs. Kenric Mardon for Miss Susan Mardon, at
59 Eaton Square
Mrs. Edward Sutro for Miss Caroline Sutro, in London*

Wednesday, 19 April

*Mrs. Peter Nugent and Lady Nugent for Mrs.
Nugent's daughter Miss Heather Millington, at the
House of Commons
Mrs. R. T. Backhouse for Miss Elizabeth Backhouse,
at 84 Cadogan Square*

COCKTAIL PARTIES

Wednesday, 15 February

*Lady FitzGerald for her granddaughter Miss Rebecca
Phillpotts*



Mr. Burnett Pavitt with Mr. Georg Solti, the recently appointed musical director of Covent Garden



The Hon. Edward Sackville-West with the Countess of Harewood on their way to the crush bar



Miss Nina Leclercq, Mr. Hardy Amies, the couturier, and Sir John Gielgud



Mr. Georg Solti (conductor). The opera was first produced at the year's Aldeburgh Festival



Russell Oberlin (he was Oberon) with Mr. Alan Pickford (costume assistant) and his wife



Dame Ninette de Valois and Alexander Grant, principal male dancer of the Royal Ballet

Mrs. Patrick Britten for Miss Alexandra Britten, at the Gaiety Club

Thursday, 20 April

Mrs. J. Ford for Miss Theodora Elizabeth Brinckman and Miss Fiona Ford, at 70 Cadogan Square

Lady B. for her twin granddaughters Miss Virginia and Miss Diana Tomkinson and for her grandson Mr. Robert Tomkinson, at Cranmer Court, S.W.3

Monday, 24 April

Mrs. Joan Fisher for Miss Angela Fisher, at 28 Mark Lane Square

Mrs. Patrick Brodie and Mrs. Frederick Lawton for Miss Margaret Brodie and Miss Penelope Lawton, at the Lansdowne Club

Tuesday, 25 April

Mrs. Wyatt Larken for Miss Meriel Larken, at 30 Chester Square, S.W.1

Wednesday, 26 April

Mrs. Michael Callender for Miss Petronilla Callender, in London

Mrs. Peter Wiggin and Mrs. William May for Miss Sara Wiggin and Miss Sally May, at the Cavalry Club

Thursday, 27 April

Mrs. Richard Talbot for her niece Miss Andrea Young with Mrs. William Lloyd for Miss Lavinia Lloyd, in St. John's Wood

Lady Hudleston for Miss Sally Hudleston, at 58 Hamilton Terrace (kindly lent by Mrs. S. Blythe)

Monday, 1 May

Mrs. Patrick Drury-Lowe for her sister-in-law Miss Theodora Elizabeth Brinckman, at 17 Wilton Crescent (kindly lent by Mr. Owen & Lady Mary Varney)

Mrs. Roger Ingham for Miss Jane Ingham, at the Cavalry Club

Wednesday, 3 May

The Hon. Mrs. Price and Mrs. Paul de Laszlo for Miss Elizabeth Price and Miss Jane de Laszlo, in London

Thursday, 4 May

Margaret Lady Glanusk for her daughter the Hon. Shan Bailey, at the Turf Club

Mrs. John Hyde and Mrs. Arthur Skipwith for Miss Alexandra Hyde and Miss Sara Jane and Miss Anne Skipwith, at 10 Egerton Gardens
Mrs. Alan Martineau and Mrs. Philip Worthington for Miss Lindy Martineau and Miss Joan Worthington, in London

Friday, 5 May

The Hon. Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Edward Paget for Miss Fiona Scott and Miss Diana Paget

Monday, 8 May

Mrs. Nigel Campbell for her daughter Miss Sarah Goalen, in Chester Square
Mrs. Mercyn Cunliffe-Fraser (cocktail dance) for Miss Valerie Cunliffe-Fraser, in London

Wednesday, 10 May

Mrs. William Heinemann and Mrs. Nesbit Waddington for Miss Tricia Heinemann and Miss Penderell Waddington, in London

Thursday, 11 May

Mrs. Frank Stockdale and Mrs. Edwin Morrison for Miss Victoria Stockdale and Miss Fenella Morrison

Monday, 15 May

Mrs. Cedric Terry for Miss Susan Terry, at the Junior Carlton Club (Ladies' annexe)
Mrs. Edward Bidwell for Miss Gay Bidwell, at the Union Club

Thursday, 18 May

Mrs. Cameron of Lochiel for Miss Caroline Cameron, in London

Tuesday, 23 May

Mrs. G. L. Fitzgerald for Miss Pamela Fitzgerald, in London

Wednesday, 24 May

Mrs. Thomas Weldon for Miss Tara Weldon, in London

Tuesday, 6 June

Mr. & Mrs. Roderick Brinckman for Miss Theodora Elizabeth Brinckman, at 37 Abbotsbury Road, W.14

Monday, 19 June

The Earl & Countess of Dundee for Lady Dundee's daughter Miss Elizabeth Scrymgeour-Wedderburn, on the terrace of the House of Lords

Tuesday, 20 June

Lady Brinckman for Miss Theodora Elizabeth Brinckman, at the Turf Club

Thursday, 29 June

Mrs. Douglas Bishop for Miss Lisbet Bishop, at the Naval & Military Club

Wednesday, 5 July

Mrs. Herbert Duncan and Mrs. Claude Nicol for Miss Anna Duncan, Miss Diana St. Felix Dare and Miss Judy Nicol, at Whitestone House, Hampstead Heath

Wednesday, 12 July

Mrs. St. Leger Moore for her daughter Miss Elizabeth Smallwood, in London

Monday, 24 July

Mrs. Charles Ashton and Mrs. Gilbert Talbot for Miss Carola Ashton and Miss Meriel Talbot, at Londonderry House



BRODRICK HALDANE *in the Tyrol*, sends back a photographic report on



Kitzbühel from the
Lebenberg heights

The Hon. Mrs. Robin Warrender



Opposite: *Eckinger Höhe*. Below: *Schloss Kaps*, ancestral home of Count Kari Lamberg



KITZBUHEL



Mrs. Ruck Keene, an enthusiastic skier, and Baroness Estelle von Goebel



Prince Ferdinand of Liechtenstein outside his Sonnénhofweg chalet

I WOULD have journeyed to the Tyrol if it were only for the winter view of the Kitzbühel valley from a castle window. The snow, plentiful while I was there, made patterns on the trees and kept the mountains glistening, while the little onion dome on the church steeple echoed incongruous Ottoman influence of long ago. The castle from which I looked out was the 16th-century Schloss Lebenberg which **Count Adam Hoyos** and his wife recently took over and are running, in true Austrian tradition, as a guest-house. He is no novice at this sort of thing since for some years he was manager of Mittersill, the international country club, ten miles or so from Kitzbühel (during the summer months it is presided over by Prince Alex Hohenlöhe and his wife Honey). Schloss Lebenberg belonged until comparatively lately to the Lamberg family who for generations were the sole hereditary overlords of the Tyrolean town. They still live at their ancestral seat, Schloss Kaps, on the opposite side of the valley. They, too, have a house full of tourists summer and winter. Count Hoyos told me that there is said to be an underground passage leading from Schloss Lebenberg to Lamberg Castle, which was used in the times of siege.

Like Gstaad, across the Swiss border, this Austrian resort has a rapidly developing colony of chalets. I went to see the one which **Prince Alfi Auersperg** and his American wife are building up on the Sonnenhofweg slopes above the town. It has a lovely view of the Dolomite-like jagged-topped Kaiser mountains. The Auerspergs were away on a flying visit to New York, but work was hustling at the chalet. The Auerspergs, who have taken **Count & Countess Paul Münster's** chalet as temporary headquarters, will have as their next-door neighbour **Prince Ferdinand of Liechtenstein**. He showed me over his new and delightfully designed home, in which he has a fine collection of modern pictures. His cousin is Franz-Joseph, ruling prince of the tiny state of Liechtenstein on the Swiss-Austrian border. Prince Ferdinand and his wife, who is away at present, also have a villa at Cap Ferrat—where they spend part of the year.

Nearby I met **Vice-Admiral & Mrs. Ruck Keene**—I was lucky to find them in as they are indefatigable skiers. They have a succession of visitors staying with them, and Sir Shane Leslie's son-in-law, **Commander Bill King**, was to join them shortly from Eire. The Ruck Keenes come over to England for part of the year. They have a cottage on Dartmoor.

Others I met in Kitzbühel were young

CONTINUED OVERLEAF



Lt. Cdr. H. Selby Bennett, R.N. and his wife stayed at a friend's chalet

KITZBÜHEL *continued*

Lord Willoughby de Eresby (the Earl of Ancaster's son) and Lord Bruntisfield's daughter-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Robin Warrender, whose husband was joining her soon. Also expected shortly from the Scottish Borderland was Viscount Melgund.

Apart from the snow and scenery, Kitzbühel is proud of its circus of lifts and cabin-cars, and its sophisticated night life, but it may yet be noted as a spa.

Baron Mensshengen, who runs its tourist side, told me there are plans to develop the town's curative baths, which have peat water from neighbouring Schwarzsee. It is said to be fine for rheumatism.

Vice-Admiral Ruck Keene has a chalet in Kitzbühel (and a cottage on Dartmoor)



LORD KILBRACKEN

All my own 'flu

IT WAS the 'flu that did it. Travelling had never stopped me writing—I wrote every week, whether I was in Dublin, Monte Carlo, Paris or Kitzbühel. The Bull Show didn't distract me, nor the Horse Show. I wrote when I was hay-making and when I was harvesting. I managed when I was in love, and even (much more difficult) when I was out of love. But last week the 'flu silenced me—and, by the way, I'm still horizontal. If it had been just ordinary 'flu, or if it had even been just ordinary Asian 'flu, I might have managed. It needed my own special variety to knock me out completely: I've had *One-legged Asian* 'flu. I rather doubt if anyone else has ever had this; I certainly *hope* they haven't, because it really isn't amusing.

My leg was put in plaster just two weeks ago. (It seems more like two years.) I was then in Cortina. Force of circumstances compelled me to spend the next four days on the move. First to Munich, where the *fasching*, which annually enlightens the pre-Lenten weeks, was already under way. I spent most of my only night there in a series of bars and beer-cellars with an old friend from Paris and his flaxen-haired, long-legged, Lolita-like young lady. (To be exact she was 18, rather *passée* for a Lolita.) Everyone else was dancing rumbas, but I thought it indiscreet to try this on crutches.

Next day to Freiburg (more *fasching*) and then the evening train to Paris, which arrives at midnight. I was deeply looking forward to an immensely long sleep at my hotel in the rue de Seine, the Louisiane, but next morning, though it was a Sunday, an enormous brass band came at exactly ten o'clock and played martial airs for an hour immediately under my window. I could discover no explanation of this; none of the local residents seemed to mind in the least.

That evening I flew to London, again arriving at midnight. By now I had become rather skilled at hopping, and everyone was being helpful and sympathetic, but it was gradually wearing me down. This was mainly because, with or without brass bands, I couldn't sleep when my right leg weighed approximately half a ton. The following afternoon I staggered aboard the Dublin plane, not knowing that I was heading for a Plague City. I spent only three hours there, but that was enough.

Let me not be accused by Bord Failte, as the Irish Tourist Board is known in Irish, of discouraging visitors by these words. I can

vouch that Dublin in normal circumstances, is frequently almost tolerable, and indeed it often surprises me that it is only for a week or two of high summer that all the leading hotels are crowded to overflowing with English and American accents. But something was clearly wrong—something still indefinable—when I arrived on that Monday evening in a slow drizzle under grey skies. All was desolate. There was no one to meet or greet me. The streets were empty, the pubs deserted. I did not know, alas, that the dread Asian 'flu held the city in thrall.

(I pause for a moment at that word *Asian*. Why Asian? Why not Asiatic, as it always used to be? I'll tell you: Asian is two letters shorter, and therefore occupies that much less space in a newspaper headline. It was invented by the sub-editors at the time of the first epidemic. In the same way, housewives are called wives, the Republic of Ireland is called Eire (totally inaccurate), Princess Margaret is called Meg (but only in the States), Khrushchev has become Kruschev, and "famed" is preferred to "famous." At least we have so far avoided such transatlantic extremes as *sox*, *toni*, *frater* and *piv*.)

I stayed in Dublin only long enough to have dinner at Jammet's, which must, like everywhere else, have been alive with virus, then drove the 87 miles home. This in itself was no mean achievement: the plaster, I found, effectively prevented me from transferring my right foot from the accelerator to the brake pedal, which is a rather essential operation. So I was compelled to drive left-footed, which I do not recommend. I arrived in a raging rainstorm, much of which was coming through the roof, with the wind whistling round and round my room from across the white-flecked lake. I hobbled up to bed. I've been there almost ever since.

I have now, I think, got through the suicidal stage, and have also completed, at last, the sentence of 15 days which the doctor in Cortina insisted I spend in plaster. I am slowly becoming human again: it now seems possible that everything is not totally without hope, and the smallest physical exertion no longer prostrates me. My one-legged 'flu, in fact, may almost be considered over. I am, however, still in need of consolation: flowers, fruit, sympathy and blondes may be sent care of the Editor.

HOW TO BE A 1961 BRIDE

THE big secret is serenity, based on a calm assessment and a careful selection of the things that suit you best. There's more help this year than ever before. Some stores have special departments to outfit the bride and her retinue from top to toe. There are ready-to-wear dresses that save fitting time and designers who'll consult your every wish in materials, accessories and cut. One of them is Belinda Belville of 14 Motcomb Street, S.W.1, who made the dress below in white spotted nylon net mounted over taffeta for a spring or early summer wedding. A billowing train springs from the waist, ruffled cuffs and hem lend a romantic 18th-century air. Note Edward Goodyear's discreet posy —large bouquets lose marks in 1961. Miss Belville's wedding gowns cost from 80 gns. The page's Highland dress comes from the Scotch House, Knightsbridge, prices: kilt, £5 19s. 6d.; jacket, £5 10s.; sporran, £3; lace cuffs, £1 15s.; jabot, £1 10s.; shoes, £2 10s. DAVID OLINS took the pictures



Heavy white peau de soie makes this long-trained wedding dress with its bodice of ruffled white nylon; the bridesmaid's dress is also of white peau de soie with deep tucked hem and neck and armholes edged with fine lace. Both come from Libertys, Regent Street, whose Bridal Room takes a lot of the worry out of weddings by supplying not only the bride's dress and that of her mother but looking after the trousseau as well. Dresses in stock sizes range from 22 gns. for a short dress to 40 gns. for a full-length traditional gown; dresses made to order cost 10 gns. extra. Head-dress here was made by James Wedge who is always available for discussion on individual requirements and advice on hats. Edward Goodyear of Brook Street made the bouquet of anemones and lilies of the valley. The page's Hussar uniform can be hired from Morris Angel, 117 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2



HOW TO BE A 1961 BRIDE

continued

Oyster paper taffeta makes a dress copied from a Victorian bridal gown, the full bell skirt is mounted on its own petticoats and decorated with pin-tucking and scallops of Valenciennes lace, the motifs being repeated on the high-necked bodice and cuffs. The bridesmaid's dress of pale blue organza has ruffles of frilled nylon edged with blue satin and costs about 16 gns. Both dresses come from Harrods—the wedding dress from the Trousseau Room where everything from head-dress to shoes can be obtained. Wedding dresses there cost from 28 gns. The bride's veil and head-dress costs 16½ gns., the bridesmaid's flower head-dress £1 9s. 6d. The page's sailor suit costs £5 19s. 6d. at Harrods, his hat 16s. 9d. The bouquet of white anemones and lilies of the valley and the bobble of spring flowers are from Edward Goodyear. Satin court shoes dyed to the colour of the dress from Dolcis. Child's antique chair from the Portmeiron Shop, Pont Street



For the busy bride with no time to spare for fittings, Frank Usher's dress of shantung-weave off-white cotton acetate is recommended. The pointed fitted bodice—faintly Elizabethan—has a wide, square neckline and elbow-length sleeves. The skirt is looped at the back, dispensing with a train. From Dickins & Jones, Regent Street, W.1; Chanal, Leeds; Rackhams, Birmingham; price: 22½ gns. Jenny Fischer of 16 Motcomb Street, S.W.1, made the bride's head-dress of plaited satin with a waist-length veil and the bridesmaid's yellow satin coronet worn with Petite Caroline's yellow-sashed dress of white organza, price: 10 gns. The page wears daffodil-yellow linen trousers, a frilled cream silk shirt and black patent shoes, all from Harrods, Knightsbridge, prices: shirt £3 9s. 6d.; trousers £3 7s. 6d.; shoes £2 8s. 6d. Bouquets by Edward Goodyear

HOW TO BE A 1961 BRIDE

concluded



For the out-of-town bride, a ready-to-wear dress made on traditional lines in a flower-woven ivory brocade by Mandell with an important train springing from the waist to offset the slim line of the skirt. From D. H. Evans, W.I; Fenwicks, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Rackhams, Birmingham; price: 21½ gns. Jenny Fischer made the head-dresses for both the bride and her bridesmaid whose Elizabeth Ann dress in white nylon organza with frilled yoke and hem slotted with blue ribbon costs 5 gns. from Bourne & Hollingsworth, W.I; Junior Boutique, York; Tweedy Acheson, Coleraine, N. Ireland. The page's navy blue linen trousers, frilled cream silk shirt and black patent shoes all come from Harrods, prices £3 7s. 6d., £3 9s. 6d. & £2 8s. 6d. respectively. Edward Goodyear made the bouquet of hyacinths, carnations and lilies-of-the-valley

For the fashionable bride a dress of white pure silk organza by Coudurier mounted on many petticoats. It comes from the House of Worth whose designer, Owen Hyde-Clarke, takes into consideration the personal wishes of the bride, whether it is a town or country wedding and whether a family heirloom of jewels or lace is to be worn. He realizes, too, that in these days brides will want to wear their wedding dresses as evening gowns. The inset picture shows how this one can be converted at once without the trouble and expense of alterations. Worth's gown has a deep border of fine French lace appliquéd over palest yellow chiffon. The long train, also appliquéd with the yellow-backed lace is attached by a narrow waist belt and can be instantly removed, as can the wide-collared jacket. The strapless bodice, too, is appliquéd with the lace and a matching silken rose trims the waist



GOOD LOOKS BY ELIZABETH WILLIAMSON

After all the elaborate plans and the plentiful advice the bride has a way of finding herself at the end of a long reception queue complete with shining nose and aching feet. Here are three who didn't. Notably pretty among last year's brides, they pass on their own . . .

FORMULAS FOR THE DAY

Lady Carey Coke (now Lady Carey Basset) married in the country at Holkham Hall where she looked stunning in white. To set off her fair and fragile looks Olofson put her hair in its longish everyday style because it suited her and sat well under the white flower topping. A minimum of make-up was needed for her kind of prettiness—bright pink lips, gold hair and pale skin are perfect for a bride. She thought it important to have a private full dress rehearsal before her mirror—a bride's dress is different from any other you'll ever wear, and needs a simple, not sophisticated face and hair. Her mother kept a compact handy for repairs

DOROTHY WILDING



Penny Noel (now Mrs. Anthony Rawlinson) got married in Haslemere where the local hairdresser who has done her hair for years didn't mind experimenting with style and veil (the veil and dress were her own design) two or three times to get the right effect. She, too, kept make-up simple—it's too late to regret an overdone face an hour before the wedding. She used a light, lingering scent—J. Long's Indiscret that didn't fight with the madonna lilies she carried. She admitted one advantage: her dark skin was an asset at the reception because it didn't need touching up; her dryish lipstick lasted well too



A. V. SWAEBE

Jill Barbezat (now Mrs. David Cornell) coped with St. Bartholomew the Great and a reception at the Butchers' Hall. She wore a traditional bridal veil and tiara, so Zaar (new in Knightsbridge) took her hair straight back to accommodate it. She chose to go to the salon for her appointment rather than have him come to her because she wanted to keep busy on the morning—and so stay relaxed. Tight scheduling on the morning included hair, travel from one hotel to another to change, make-up and then the photographer shot her (above) before she left



It may be the bride's day but . . .

Give the guests a break! *by Sylvia Lamond*

THE only wedding I ever thoroughly enjoyed was my own. I wore the dress of my dreams. I was the centre of attraction, without too much trying. People threw the nicest things at me—rose petals, compliments and kisses. It's a hard-to-please girl who doesn't adore being a bride.

But after that shining day, which for most of us comes but once, we find that attendance at a wedding turns us into the most pushed-around, neglected, ill-used character in the social calendar. The Wedding Guest. Can you think of any other festive occasion where a crowd of people are invited together, and given such an off-hand time? And it all starts from the day the invitation falls through the letter box.

First there's the husband resistance. He won't go. He hates getting into special clothes. He can't spare the time. He read somewhere that Earl Mountbatten only pops into any wedding for five minutes to kiss the bride (having circumnavigated the reception queue)—and he won't see why he can't do the same.

Like coaxing a child to the dentist, you telegraph confidence that it'll be lovely once he's there. That's the first hurdle.

Then there's the present. This was no enormous problem in the old days when you could surprise the happy couple with something unique and antique. Nobody asked where you picked it up—or for what? But today's bride wants practical gifts like washing machines. She probably deposits her list of wants with a store. What an abominable practice this is! You may have to travel miles to the store. You consult the list under the eye of the lady in charge who gets *your* number faster than a *vendeuse* in the haute couture: "This one's for bath towels, and no mistake. . . ."

Welcome to the Day itself—and the great farce of the wedding feast. Lady Mountbatten in her standard work on etiquette summed up in one

neat line just how much the family of the bride need worry about their guests. "*My dears . . .*" she wrote, "*guests will be guests and must be fed in some fashion or other.*" Mothers of the bride have taken her at her word ever since. Bridge rolls, shavings of smoked salmon, bread wrapped round soft damp asparagus, an assortment of iced and sugared goodies to turn even a schoolboy's stomach. Serve this in a crowded room to people who have travelled miles cross-country, or rushed from their offices to change and make it to the church on time, people who are mostly faint from lack of lunch. Serve it with champagne and tea at the bizarre hour of 4 p.m.—and that's it. The typical big wedding reception.

No wonder women guests go home to quarrel with their acidulated husbands—or to have a quiet weep. Some say it's because memories of their own young sunlit days are too much. My theory is we're usually disappointed and done in.

The feeling that guests outside the bride's immediate circle are invited to the wedding simply to provide an ecstatic audience and to set her up in houseware has a strong grip on me at present. Particularly as weddings are getting grander from every angle—bar the guests'.

The fashion trade reports there has never been such free spending on bridal dresses. Girls in the "bride-of-the-year" bracket, like Henrietta Tiarks, flock to Paris, spend a week at the Ritz, see several dressmakers and commission exclusive designs. Girls of limited means are spending 50 guineas simply to hire a brilliant gown for a day. Brides demand squadrons of bridesmaids and expensive musicians who can manage Bach "because the Wedding March is *quite* finished."

Wedding cakes, which nobody eats, add storeys, and far-flung honeymoons to the Caribbean and Japan keep travel agents busy. But . . . *nobody* is spending any more on the party for the guests. If anything, reports one hotel, there's a bit more stinting of the champagne.

With the interests of the down-trodden guests in mind here are some changes I'd love to make:

LATER WEDDINGS: It's ludicrous to stick to the midday wedding now that everybody works and men are genuinely busy. "The late wedding which develops into an evening party is trickling in," a top caterer told me. "But wedding habits change slowly." Mr. Duncan Sandys's daughter planned a late wedding so that her father could clear up at the Ministry. . . . Lady Pamela Mountbatten was still at her party at 10 p.m. (what lucky guests not to suffer the curious torpor that follows a champagne party all over in time to get the babies to bed).

BRING BACK THE DANCING: At an evening reception, why not? "Everybody danced at a wedding before the war," says the banqueting manager of the Savoy. "People seemed to have more fun in those days. Now the bride and groom are much more anxious to get away." From today's kind of reception, it's

not so very surprising at all.

BETTER FOOD: It's contemporary to despise the old-style "wedding breakfast" but what's so vulgar about wanting to *eat*? I would thankfully sit down to "a groaning board" at an early afternoon wedding (*sit down* is the nub of that prayer). Or I would cheerfully stand all night with some black olives and a gin. A caterer let out the sordid truth regarding champagne weddings. "It comes out cheaper than a mixed-drinks reception." My answer to that is: ask only the number of people you can afford, as for any other party.

BANISH THE QUEUE: I mean the one that guests have to form to shake the bride by the hand. Miss Tessa Milne's guests queued for *two hours*. My last wedding memory is of standing for half-an-hour in a cutting wind in Hyde Park Gardens—followed by another slow-moving hour up the stairs. I dream of a fantasy

wedding where the guests are sitting comfortably after a delicious meal, and along a raised catwalk through the middle of the room glides The Bride with her retinue. How wonderful to see the bride in comfort, without queueing, without a flotilla of cartwheel hats blocking the view.

MORE GAIETY: It was only fun he was after, the rich American who recently ordered a special wedding cake for his daughter. He had given the young couple an hotel, and he wanted a model made of it so that it could be popped on top of the wedding cake—and lit up. The cake people nearly died at the ostentation. The American was crushed. But was it so awful wanting lights flashing from the top tier? Think of the talk and the laughter and the shock for everybody.

As the New Deal guest—I'm ready for anything.



COUNTER SPY

PRESENTS



for givers who

Finding a wedding present through the Silver Vaults gives maximum pleasure to the giver and recipient. At H. Perovetz, who has a splendiferous array of both antique and reproduction silver, I found these three once reproduction Queen Anne candelabra. They are silver on copper. Price: £30

A remarkable range of plain or cut glass is at Liberty's. It includes an extraordinarily beautiful decanter (left). Its pureness of line and fragility of appearance would delight the hardest-to-please. By Baccarat, the decanter has glasses to match as fragile as it is. To order only, decanter price: £10 3s. 6d.

Highly amusing American glasses, with a variety of gilded and coloured designs on them, have just appeared at John Siddeley's Boutique, Harriet Street, S.W.1. There are tall, slender tumblers or heavy-based whisky and soda glasses. The ones shown here are called "The Golden Rule"—they have golden measuring rulers painted on them. Set of eight, either shape, 4 gns.



An old 8-day striking carriage clock, renovated, re-gilded and lacquered. Michael Gosschalk, 20 Motcomb Street, S.W.1, have a number which have been rejuvenated. They are all old ones, as they seem more reliable. Price: £32



ESPIONAGE: MINETTE SHEPARD
MICROFILM: PRISCILLA CONRAN

like to do their

own choosing

A most attractive collection of cushions is at Elizabeth Eaton, 25a Basil Street, S.W.3. Some are in printed lawn, embroidered, or covered with Thai silks. Others, like the one below, have tapestry centres, surrounded with corded silk. Price: 12 gns. the pair



This pretty miniature chest was once an apothecary's cabinet. Made of coromandel wood, it has a decorative lid and behind the closed doors are drawers. The top is sectioned off for the apothecary's bottles. Circa 1790, price £48. One of many intriguing antiques at Peter Francis, 37 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3



Modern version of an old idea—the oil lamp. The heavy glass base is by Venini in ever-changing midnight blue. The funnel shade is clear glass and a candle flame bulb fits it well. From Presents of Dover Street. Price: 7 gns.

One of the new Italian-designed cachepots at the General Trading Company, 5 Grantham Place, W.1. Painted to simulate marble, it has a huge, gay sun in white relief on the front. Will hold a big potted plant. Price: 6 gns.

DAVID OLINS PHOTOGRAPHS

THE LONDON



Making a spring break-away from the familiar clear-cut tailoring of the London line, **Mattli** showed flared and pleated skirts. His suit jackets were usually collarless, reaching barely to the hips and slightly concave in front. He used the huge braided buttons seen in nearly all the Continental collections and many of his suits were worn with little bloused sleeveless tops in exciting prints that matched the jacket linings. Typical of Mattli is this suit in an anthracite grey silk from Staron. Black braid and large braid buttons highlight the jacket, the skirt, gently gathered at waist, flares to an easy hemline. Rudolf's white piqué hat. Jewellery by Michael Gosschalk

Softly tailored, ever more feminine clothes with movement again achieved by flares and pleats were characteristic of the collection at **Hardy Amies** who cuts jackets, bodices and indeed whole dresses on the cross in the interest of this easy fluid line. This dress and cape coat made of Petillault's French wool and nylon mixture cloth woven in a fine black and white check is an example of his easy-to-wear tailoring. The cap-sleeved collarless dress is, with the exception of the hemband, cut entirely on the cross while the cape-jacket is worked on the straight. It is lined with pure silk French taffeta in a brilliant shade of Parroquet green, echoed in the green felt hat

COLLECTIONS

... with notes on the new spring lines seen at the fashion shows of seven top couturiers



The ankle-length evening dress, practical and flattering, made a pronounced come-back last year. Its supreme advocate this season is **Mattli** who loves the glimpse of a pretty ankle, a foot encased in an elegant shoe. He is represented again by a dress of Bianchini's peacock blue and green silk organza, one colour layered on the other to give a shot, iridescent appearance. It is entirely embroidered with rhinestones. The diamond drop earrings and diamond and emerald bracelet are from Michael Gosschalk. Shoes in satin dyed to the shade of the dress by Saxone



A nostalgic aura of the 20s still hovers over the contemporary scene. In Paris Nina Ricci showed a complete "Boy Friend" collection and in London **Ronald Paterson** is flirting with the same idea. His "little dress" of apricot chiffon, made by Petillault, has a bloused bodice and loosely gathered skirt mounted over a slim sheath. The bodice and the edge of the sheath are richly embroidered in golden bugle beads and brilliants. Moving with a swing this dress, worn with diamanté slave bangles, echoing the past, nevertheless fits in with the mood of the moment

The French and Italian designers showed many models with movement but in London **John Cavanagh** was almost alone among couturiers in taking the same "swinging" view of spring fashion. The Cavanagh skirts had all-round pleating or were gently flared, his waistlines were high in front and dipping to the back. This was an easy-to-wear collection with a youthful look accentuated by the little side-tilted bowlers or tiny Bretons with which he topped sleeveless spring dresses. The 1961 Cavanagh easy look is epitomized in this model in a green, black and white checked worsted by Wain Shiehl. The jacket is loose fitting and boxy, topping a collarless, sleeveless dress with an all-round pleated skirt. The bowler of toast-coloured baku straw was designed by Reed Crawford

Reversing the trend towards short tailored jackets evident at most other London couturiers, **Owen at Lachasse** showed long over-the-hip jackets with his suits and dresses. His skirts stayed straight, too, in contrast to the Continental tendency towards fluid movement reflected over here by Cavanagh. Owen used Moreau's fine French wool in a burnt orange shade for this dress and three-quarter jacket. Zipping up the front, the dress has three-quarter sleeves, square neckline and is slim-fitting. The jacket is trouser-pleated at the back with a low-slung half belt. The hat is made in burnt coffee and white straw. Michael Gosschalk, of 20, Motcomb Street, S.W.1, designed and made the gold, pearl and diamond flower clips



With a tailored line retaining a concave front and gently barrelled backs with peg-top skirts tapering to a just-above-the-knee hemline, **Michael** of Carlos Place confirms his position as the most *avant garde* of London couturiers. In step with Cavanagh he raised his waists in front, allowed them to dip at the back. His street dress shown here in a black and white Prince of Wales check cotton woven by Moreau has a short sleeveless bodice cut on the cross with *trompe l'oeil* diagonal buttoning. The bodice, which is separate from the skirt, actually slips over the head. The straight skirt mounted on a silk camisole top has controlled fullness at the high waist and tapers towards the hem. Graham Smith designed the white lacquered straw hat trimmed with a wild rose

Picture hats, sumptuous fabrics and a conservative line are what one expects and gets at a spring collection by **Norman Hartnell** designed unrepentantly for the carriage trade. Though his House was heavily engaged until almost the last moment on clothes for the Queen's tour of India, Mr. Hartnell managed to show samples of most of the exquisite and expensive handwork that reward the wealthy who visit Bruton Street. Hartnell advocates loose-fitting jackets for day with unrestricted natural waists. His evening line was traditional with nipped-in waists and full skirts. The summer dress and jacket shown is in black and white silk woven by Petillault. The bodice of the dress is made in the reverse of the design used for the straight skirt and jacket. Hat by Claude St. Cyr

THE LONDON COLLECTIONS

concluded





The play

Tokyo 1961.

Coliseum.
(Mitsuko Sawamura, Misoa Kamijo,
Yoshiaki Takei.)

The films

Take A Giant Step. Director
Phillip Leacock. (Johnny Nash,
Estelle Hemsley, Ruby Dee,
Frederick O'Neal, Pauline Meyers.)

A Breath Of Scandal. Director
Michael Curtiz. (Sophia Loren,
Maurice Chevalier, John Gavin,
Isabel Jeans, Angela Lansbury.)

Where The Hot Wind Blows.
Director Jules Dassin. (Gina
Lollobrigida, Pierre Brasseur,
Marcello Mastroianni, Melina
Mercouri, Yves Montand.)

Nymphettes. Director Henri
Zaphiratos. (Christian Pezey,
Colette Descombes, Claude Arnold.)

The books

No Fond Return Of Love, by
Barbara Pym. (Cape, 16s.)

Faintly Smiling Mouth, by Eric
Bligh. (Secker & Warburg, 16s.)

The Seasons Of Love, by Genevieve
Dormann, tr. Elaine Desautels.
(Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 13s. 6d.)

An American Romance, by Hans
Koningsberger. (Faber, 16s.)

The Ignorant Armies, by E. M.
Halliday. (Weidenfeld & Nicolson,
21s.)

Too Many Ghosts, by Paul Gallico.
(Michael Joseph, 16s.)

The records

Mulligan Meets Monk, by Thelonious
Monk

**The Thelonious Monk Orchestra At
Town Hall.**

Swing, Swing, Swing, by Benny
Goodman.

Benny Goodman & Ella Fitzgerald.

The galleries

**Hiroshige, and Chinese Decorative
Art.** Book reviews.

VERDICTS

ANTHONY COOKMAN ON PLAYS

Goodbye to Old Japan

NO QUESTION BUT THAT THE Japanese musical spectacle brought to the Coliseum by the company from the Nichigeki Theatre in Tokyo is fascinating entertainment. It fascinates as much by its dainty animation as by the lushness of its scale and incidentally by the unmistakable way in which it tells us what has been happening in recent years to the Japanese light musical.

But if you are not to go to it expecting a kind of Orientalism which is quite outside the scope of the show, please take particular note beforehand of the title. **Tokyo 1961** means that for the producer and his company the Japanese classical theatre with its beautifully stylized acting and dancing, folk songs and ritual fables, are already as little alive in their minds as the ways of the Anglo-Saxon world are to ours. In a few introductory and concluding flourishes these old things are briefly and perfunctorily recalled. A sketch of Samurai youths performing the sword dance, a reminiscence of a festival of the seasons in ancient Tokyo, one or two ceremonial festivities—there is little else left to speak for the Nō or the Kabuki drama.

In the place of these bygone indigenous entertainments there is offered the kind of exoticism that we know only too well. The Orientalism that *Tokyo 1961* exploits is the Orientalism that has pleased the fancy of the Western world from *The Mikado*, *The Geisha* and *Madame Butterfly* on to *Flower Drum Song*. It is Orientalism that has for the last 20 years or so spoken with a strong American accent. The Tokyo company, in short, have been brought across the world to demonstrate how charmingly they can do the things which

the Americans have taught them.

This is not to write off the show as simply another big Western essay into pseudo-Orientalism and imply that their long journey has been unnecessary. They have learned the things that we ourselves have learned from the Americans, but there is a slight but nevertheless quite definite difference in the way they apply their lessons. Sometimes the difference reflects on this sensibility. They use a fragment of *Swan Lake* in the style of *West Side Story* and turn a scene from *Don Quixote* into a meaningless spectacle of fluttering fans. These mistakes seem to suggest that the Japanese are deplorably without even a vestige of the ballet mentality. Again Miss Mitsuko Sawamura, squeezing the last drop of sentimentality out of a silly little ditty is imitating any Western crooner at his worst.

On the other hand, some of the stage pictures which Mr. Masahi Hidaka presents, though American in style, have a quality which an American director would almost certainly fail to produce, even if he tried for it. "Prettiness" is a word of depreciation in our critical vocabulary, but these scenes—with the prettiness of flowers, of kimonos and of young girls—somehow dignify it. The director and his designer have the mature trick of filling his stage with his 80 performers and repeating the patterns of the cherry blossoms almost

indefinitely and yet creating the illusion that the stage is exquisitely empty. For the punch and go proper to the high-pressured American musical the Japanese subtly exchange a gentleness in colour and movement that has an individual vitality and charm.

We may think that they are rash in bringing on a cohort of long-waisted and short-legged young girls to challenge comparison with our own high-waisted and long-legged John Tiller girls, but after observing, not without natural complacency, that no comparison is possible, we may gradually come to allow that this dainty chorus of little ladies are making something quite distinctive out of these natural limitations.

As for the music hall side of the spectacle, there are at least two turns which would be top in any western vaudeville. The Sakano Brothers are superb tap dancers and also have a nice line in Keystone Cop comedy. And the comic hit of the show is undoubtedly "Speed Maniacs"—in which a couple of speed hogs dice with death in a stationary car against a cinerama back projection with the countryside flying past them and the oncoming traffic whizzing at them.

In brief, a lavish and well-balanced show that will give enjoyment to all who have not come to it expecting something more exotic than it professes to be.



LEADING LADY from Japan, Yoshiaki Takei, in the *Cherry Blossom* scene from *Tokyo 1961* at the Coliseum

ELSPETH GRANT ON FILMS

A teenage step towards truth

IT IS RARE IN FILMS THESE DAYS TO find adolescence presented as a stepping-stone to maturity—indeed, most “X” Certificate movies dealing with the modern teenager would lead one to believe it is an incurable disease which induces in its victims a morbid desire for self-destruction. **Take A Giant Step**, based on a play by Mr. Louis S. Peterson, is an impressive exception. Its central character is a 17-year-old Negro boy—beautifully played by Mr. Johnny Nash. He is mixed up, but not crazy mixed up. Unlike the beatniks, with whose “What’s the use of anything? Nothing!” attitude we are all too familiar, this youth is struggling to come to reasonable terms with life. This in itself is vastly refreshing.

Mr. Scott’s parents, Mr. Frederick O’Neal and Miss Beah Richards, are educated middle-class people who, to give their boy every possible advantage, have brought him up among white people in a small New England town where, as a child, he has been perfectly happy.

His troubles start when his white school boys begin (in the hideous American phrase) dating girls. The white mothers in the district do not want their daughters to associate with a coloured boy—and Mr. Scott suddenly finds himself an outsider. Loneliness makes him touchy and defiant. He ticks off a white woman teacher for (as he feels) tactless disparaging his race—and is expelled from school.

Knowing that his parents, whose anxious subservience to white people he despises, will be furious with him, Mr. Scott runs away to

the Negro quarter of the town: he will get a job, prove himself a man, get drunk, sleep with a woman. . . . His encounter with three broke prostitutes in a bar and his experience with one of them (the superb Miss Pauline Meyers) in her tatty room are both touching and funny—and prove nothing except that he is just a bewildered boy.

He returns home, to face his parents’ anger. Out of their recriminations comes his understanding that they, too, have suffered (and daily do) from the attitude of white people to black—but that they have had the courage to accept the fact that even in a tolerant community, the Negro must “keep his place.” Maturing gradually but visibly, Mr. Scott decides this may not be too bad—providing that, in his place, he can keep his self-respect, as his parents, in their unassuming way, have done.

There is little bitterness in this film, which our Mr. Phillip Leacock has directed with great sympathy—but occasionally a line of dialogue stings the social conscience. It’s true that, as one character observes, “You don’t have to be coloured to be unhappy.” The dry rejoinder, “No—but it sure helps” seems, alas equally true.

With the gorgeous Signorina Sophia Loren and the endearing M. Maurice Chevalier heading the cast, one expected great things of **A Breath of Scandal**. One was disappointed. It is a flat-footed film version of an old Molnar play set in the Vienna of 1905. Signorina Loren, looking splendidly dashing in the period costumes, is the naughty Princess Olympia, a merry young widow who has been banished from the Emperor’s court for her reckless indiscretions.

Thrown by her Arab stallion while madly dashing around her country estate, the princess is succoured by a young American engineer (Mr. John Gavin) who happens to be passing in his horseless carriage. She induces him to spend the night with her at her hunting lodge: he is obviously

smitten with her beauty, and, as she finds him attractive, she hopes for a brief affair. Mr. Gavin, who looks as modern as an astronaut, conducts himself with the propriety of a Pilgrim Father: nothing in the least scandalous happens.

Still, when the princess is recalled to the Court to contract a loveless royal marriage, and Mr. Gavin turns up at a state ball with the lovelight in his eyes, some busybody (it happens to be Miss Angela Lansbury) ferrets out the story of the hunting lodge incident and spreads it around—putting, of course, the worst construction on it.

As everyone at Court seems to be having clandestine affairs with everyone else (it’s so much the thing that the princess’s father, M. Chevalier, who adores his wife,

Miss Isabel Jeans, has to pretend to keep a mistress in order not to lose face) it’s hard to see why the princess’s innocent peccadillo causes such an outcry. The best things in this essentially tame little piece are Miss Jeans’s stylish performance and the magnificent millinery.

M. Jules Dassin, viewing Sicily with, one feels, the eye of a tourist, offers an unhappy blend of melodrama and social document in **Where the Hot Wind Blows**. Apart from Signorina Gina Lollobrigida’s sexy study of a servant wench, I found it all very enervating and not the least convincing.

We are back with the Paris beatniks in **Nymphettes**—and they are still behaving as they always do in this sort of second-rate film. They bore the pants off me.



STEERING A STEADY COURSE for the conservatory during a waltz, the Prussian prince (Carlo Hinterman) whispers acceptably to the romantic Austrian princess (Sophia Loren). From **A Breath Of Scandal**



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SIRIOL HUGH-JONES ON BOOKS

Consolations for the guilty

MAYBE MINE IS THE LAST generation unable to read novels before lunch without enduring fearful pangs of guilt, and many a female book-reviewer, being hovered round after breakfast, has felt driven to explain to anyone who cared to listen that reading thrillers in the cold light of winter's dawn is, after all, a perfectly serious job of work for some people and not to be regarded as the flowery way to the pit. Most of my books this week are strictly for guilt-before-lunch, and none the less enjoyable for that either.

No Fond Return of Love, by Barbara Pym is a delicious book, refreshing as mint tea, funny and sad, bitchy and tender-hearted, about what it is like to be a fading lady in her early thirties living in North London and trying to soothe the giggling pangs of disappointed love with hot milky drinks and sensible thinking. Dulcie Mainwaring has a broken engagement, a large dowdy house, a teenage niece

and a cross friend called Viola Dace who hopelessly loves the glamorous literary figure Alwyn Forbes. The background is suburban literary-fringe life, parish churches, weird seaside hotels, and the polite impingement of people who do not much like each other but share a common loneliness.

The story is really straight Cinderella, the style and point of view a marvellous combination of Ivy Compton-Burnett and *The Young Visitors*, and the enchanting heroine in her tweeds and heavy brogues, intelligent, mild, yet capable of sharp thoughts, is easily the nicest character in fiction this month.

The theme of the book is Dulcie's obsessive hunt for clues to the mystery of Alwyn Forbes's life and background, and love—as we never for a minute doubted—is its goal. Everyday, ordinary, prim, even on the surface, Miss Pym's characters are mad eccentrics under the skin and behave wildly and unpredictably, though the tone is so level and decorous. Even a suburban dinner-party ripples and sparkles with the oddities and banked passions boiling politely under its surface. I love and admire Miss Pym's pussycat wit and profoundly unsoppy kindness, and we may leave the deeply peculiar, face-saving, gently tormented English middle classes safely in her hands.

More suburbia—this time South London—provides the background for an enslaving small book called

Faintly Smiling Mouth by Eric Bligh. It's the gentlest (though spiked with a cool, tart wit) and most leisurely walk around the years 1908-1914, when the author was a very young man with a bad stammer, his heart given to literature and to a pale pretty young woman who kept a shoal of minnow-admirers at a comfortable distance, yet allowed none to stray.

This is hardly the sort of book for those who crave passionate full-blooded action and scenes of gripping drama, since absolutely nothing happens except a tea-party, a Valentine Day offering, a small summer holiday, or the discovery of a poem by Yeats. Yet it is written with such spellbinding charm and cunning that you know the author well by the second chapter, though the entire book is really no more than a fragment.

Briefly... The Seasons of Love by Genevieve Dormann, translated by Elaine Desautels, is another variation on that trusty French plot about the young woman who is bored by her husband and falls in love with an older married man whose cynical, sophisticated outlook does not permit him to love her once it becomes clear she is genuinely in love with him... and so on and so forth. It is very analytic and sensitive, most of the characters are bored and unhappy by turns, and I think we could safely conclude by now that Sagan's influence on young writers is not wholly for the best. These tiny bitter-sweet draughts are

a taste I now plan ruthlessly to abandon.

Everywhere in fiction there are small cross voices shouting in your ear that love is hell and marriage a hollow mockery—a splendid theme in its way, but one that may well bore the life out of the reader unless cheered along with a little wit here and there. **An American Romance** by Hans Koningsberger is another teeny tense study of a love affair that goes slowly and horribly to the bad. The author writes in short, sharp bursts—two-page chapters by the end of which everything has grown a great deal more feverish and bodeful, and the two principal characters become a shade more solemn and unwitty.

The Ignorant Armies, by E. M. Halliday, has a marvellous subject—the American and British expedition to Archangel at the end of World War One—blunted a little by an odd flatness in style... And Paul Gallico's **Too Many Ghosts** is a jolly old-fashioned creepie about a haunted mansion with dotty aristocrats, blighted love, harping nuns, guttering candles, and a delectable ghost-hunter into whose busy arms nearly every female in the book hopelessly hurls herself at moments when his mind should be on the job.

The translator of *The French Revolution* (Secker & Warburg) which I reviewed on 18 January, was the late Richard Graves, not Charles Graves as stated.

COLLECTOR'S COMMENTARY

Albert Adair

Rise and fall of a porcelain empire

PLYMOUTH PORCELAIN, LIKE Nantgarw, was a brilliant failure. In both cases it was too true to be good, economically, for the reason that the respective founders were idealists and not businessmen.

William Cookworthy, successful Quaker chemist of Plymouth (1705-1780) spent 20 years of his life searching the hills of Cornwall for the ingredients used in the making of Chinese porcelain. In 1758 he found them and produced the first and only hard paste china ever made in England. The venture never prospered, even after moving the factory to Bristol under the management of his partner Richard Champion. Wedgwood and other potters broke into his monopoly of the Cornish china clay and adulterated his formula with calcined bone. Production ceased in 1778, and Cookworthy died in

1780; a year later the factory closed.

Cookworthy's discovery on Tregonning hill of kaolin and petuntze occurred about 1758. In 1768, after years of experiment, he took out his patent for a "kind of porcelain newly invented, composed of Moorstone or Grown clay." The ware produced was pure china of uniform texture throughout, fired in a heat that melted soft paste products. But such were the technical difficulties (never really overcome) that the most distinctive feature of the porcelain is its imperfections; uneven shrinkage in the kiln, warping and firing cracks, peppering and smoke staining, crooked handles and toppling figures.

The chief assembler of the moulds was a Mr. Tebo (mark T) from the Bow factory and the best known decorators were a certain Monsieur Soqui from the Sèvres



factory, painter of exotic birds, Henry Bone (later R.A. and famous miniaturist) and later, William Stephens. As all the employees moved with the stock and moulds from Plymouth to Bristol in 1771 it is almost impossible to distinguish the products of the two factories. Better to call the whole Cookworthy hard paste porcelain and trace the development in the range of models and modification of decoration which inclined to restrained neo-classical in the later years.

The first products were mainly domestic ware, copying the Chinese blue and white decoration and later including the coloured. A rare example is the sugar sifter shown here and now in the possession of



Mr. R. Andrade of Plympton. Dating from about 1770 it is in underglaze blue and rust red with Chinese weeping willows and chrysanthemum decoration. It is in one piece and is filled from the base.

Later products of the Bristol factory both in colour and pure white included set pieces, figures and decorative ware of all kinds. The four seasons and the four continents decorated in colour are well-known models, and in white one of the most famous is the *Putto & Dolphin*, shown here, assembled by Tebo and in the possession of the Plymouth City Gallery. Standards of modelling and decoration were high; it was only in the firing that the Grown clay let its sponsors down.

ah!

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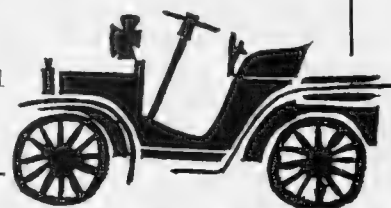
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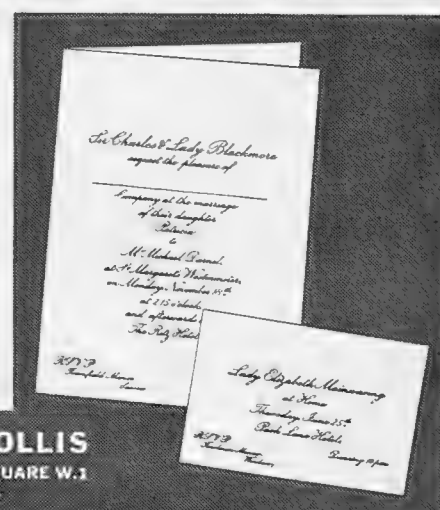
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GERALD LASCELLES ON RECORDS

Thelonious the founder-member

THE CEASELESS, RESTLESS ACTIVITY of Thelonious Monk's brain becomes increasingly a wonderment to me. I was intrigued by his music more than a decade ago. Unconsciously I felt the need of it during his period of rustication in the early 50s, and was wildly impressed when he returned to the active recording scene with Riverside in 1957. Some of the earlier sessions, mostly featuring his piano and just one solo instrument, were released by Decca when they had the concession in Britain.

One of the best was **Mulligan meets Monk**, in which the fluent star of the baritone saxophone, Gerry Mulligan, joined forces with Thelonious. It is now reissued (RLP12-247) to serve as a reminder that, though he is not a great pianist, he has on occasion displayed the power and imagination at the keyboard to enhance the work of other technicians who contribute to the solo aspect of jazz.

I am always aware of the fundamental simplicity of Monk's compositions, and I like to think that this aspect of his work is in some measure responsible for his great success as a composer. Far too much time and energy is devoted to the range of busy compositions which have no end, and are incidentally the worst possible media for improvisation. In his **Town Hall** orchestral concert (RLP12-300) he features a 10-piece band, and has the benefit of Hall Overton's assistance in handling the arrangements. This 1959 session is as important as anything put out on record under Monk's name. His soloists have plenty to say, his rhythm section is exceptional, and his piano work is as fascinating as ever.

It could even be that the added challenge of fronting a bigger band made him restive for greater things. I can only say that the results have completely captured my imagination, especially in the piece he calls *Little Rootie Tootie*—a scored version of his earlier piano solo on this theme.

I often hear it said that Monk is unsubtle, even crude. The answer, of course, is that he is still firmly anchored to the bop idiom, which is based on strong unison passages, a rather angular development of the theme, and the deliberate discord. All these traits are prominent in

Thelonious's compositions, accentuated by his own piano work, and it is largely in his allegiance to the bop movement, of which he was a founder member, that the essence of his simplicity lies.

From the field of modern progress I can only look back with happy nostalgia at Benny Goodman's **Swing swing swing** (CDN148), an album devoted to his Victor recordings when he was at the peak of his fame, in the mid-30s. With Harry James and Gene Krupa in the band, Fletcher Henderson responsible for much of the book, and such guests as Lester Young and the Basie rhythm section appearing (*Make believe*) they deserved to succeed. I am also reminded that during the same period an unknown girl called Ella Fitzgerald recorded some tracks with Goodman, now reissued in EP form (RCX1059). As Goodman's was one of the groups on which I built my collection I can say with confidence that this music has stood the test of time.

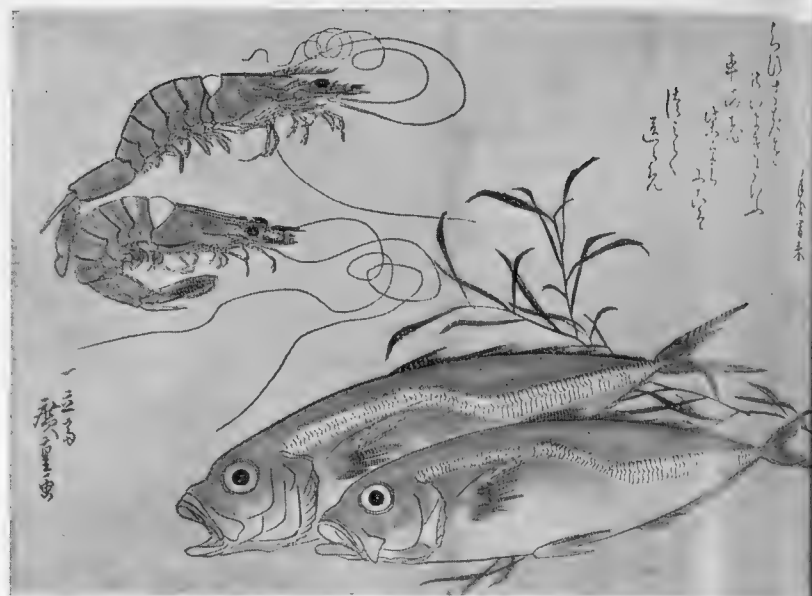
ROBERT WRAIGHT ON GALLERIES

The fireman from Japan

LAST WEEK WAS ALMOST AN ALL-Japanese week for me. Covering the Furniture Show at Earls Court for the B.B.C. I found myself first in a "Japanese reception and tea house," and later resting my aching feet in a "Japanese garden." A few hours afterwards I was in the stalls at the Coliseum alternately enjoying and enduring a new Japanese torture-with-music called *Tokyo* 1961.

Next morning I had just been reading in an airy-fairy gossip column that the Chinese trend that started a year or two ago was now giving way to a Japanese trend when there arrived on my desk a big and beautiful book about one of Japan's greatest and most popular artists, **Hiroshige**, by Walter Exner (Methuen, 3 gns.). I was reminded by it that 100 years ago a Japanese trend was just beginning which was to have far-reaching and permanent effects on Western art.

Though this trend, unlike the present publicity-inspired one, did not come to us by way of Hollywood or Broadway, it was started by Americans when in 1854 they compelled Japan to join in world trade. This event followed visits by Commodore Perry and his naval squadron to what was then a feudal country voluntarily isolated from the rest of the world.



Prawn & mackerel: A Hiroshige woodcut from a series depicting fish

He went to Edo in 1853 and to Tokyo in 1854.

One of the happier results of this action was the export to the West of hundreds of thousands of the beautiful woodcuts which in Japan were held so cheap that they were used as wrapping paper. They hit Europe, and especially Paris, with an impact whose vibrations are still felt today.

Next to Hokusai, the "old man mad about painting," the most admired of the designers of these woodcuts was Hiroshige. He was the great landscapist among them, the "master of Moon, snow and rain." Like Hokusai who, on his deathbed at 89, had wished for just five more years in which he could learn to be an artist, Hiroshige was incredibly modest.

Most of the great wood engravers thought of themselves simply as artisans and not until this century was their work regarded as fine art in their own country. But the Impressionist masters were quick to recognize their genius and to learn from their sense of design and their feeling for light.

Degas found in them striking resemblances to the accidental designs that so fascinated him in photography. The *plein air* painters were inspired by the astonishing effects of atmosphere, light and mood which Hiroshige, in particular, was able to capture with extraordinary simplicity.

Van Gogh, whose famous portrait of Père Tanguy shows the old colour merchant and picture dealer against a background of Japanese woodcuts, made copies in oil of two Hiroshiges. One of these, *The plum garden of Kameido*, was the inspiration for his many paintings of blossoming trees. Through these Japanese artists Van Gogh became so enamoured of Japan that when he first arrived in Provence he wrote that he had found the Land of the Rising Sun in the country around Arles.

Toulouse-Lautrec, too, was fired

by them. Unlike Whistler, who simply flirted with Japonaiserie, Lautrec assimilated everything they had to teach him. They were the principal influence in the development of his style, with its strong line and flat colour. Through him they made themselves felt in the work of Picasso and Matisse and in the art of the modern poster. And even today the perceptive eye can detect their influence in the work of many abstract artists.

By coincidence Hiroshige died in the year in which his work was first exported. Had he lived to see the wonderful effect it was to have he would probably have felt more embarrassment than pride. Not a great deal is known about his life. At 13 he succeeded his father as a fire-brigade officer to the Shogun. His name was changed from Tokutaro to Shige-emon to Tobukei and then, after he had studied painting under Toyohiro, to Hiroshige.

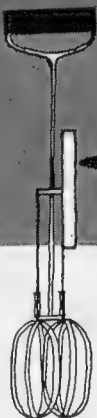
He remained a member of the fire-brigade guild all his life, but when he was 35 his son took over his office and he himself became Inspector of Waterways. In this capacity he made the many journeys which provided the material for his most famous series of woodcuts, the *Fifty-three stages of the Tokaido* and the *One hundred famous views of Edo*.

Perhaps there's a moral here for many of our studio-bound painters of today. What about getting yourselves jobs as commercial travellers and seeing the country you live in?

P.S. Yet another coincidence—another book, **Chinese Decorative Art**, by Dr. Martin Feddersen (Faber & Faber, 45s.) has just reached me. The standard work on the subject, first published five years ago, it is now brought up to date and is more than ever a must for the student or collector of everything Chinese—from ceramics, metalwork, jade and ivory to glass, lacquer and textiles.

DINING IN

Helen Burke

Fish sense
for Lent

I CAN NEVER UNDERSTAND WHY IT should be regarded as a penance to cook and serve fish in Lent. For most home cooks the problem is that so many men will eat fish only when it has been deep-fat fried. Women fall into the habit of serving it this way, but grilling it is a better way and a much healthier one too. Grilled English inshore cod is for me the best fish, cooked in the ideal way, and the late M. Avignon, in his time one of London's leading chefs, agreed with me.

For young cooks, this is what to do. Have the cod steaks $\frac{3}{4}$ to 1 in. thick, each weighing about 6 to 8 oz. Let them be cut near enough to the tail end of the fish to have no corner ends. Melt a nice lump of butter in the grill pan, add the

steaks and at once turn them so that both sides are coated with the fat. Sprinkle them with a little flour (though this is not essential) and season with pepper and salt. Grill them fairly quickly on one side only. If there is space in the pan, surround the steaks with a large mushroom and half a largish tomato per steak.

Let there be enough butter in the grill pan to spoon into the mushrooms and coat the tomatoes. If the pan tends to run dry—and it will—add a tablespoon of water, and that heavenly golden butter in the grill pan will not be lost.

Never—and I repeat this, earnestly—place the fish on the grid, and never turn it. Not only would this tend to break it but also fish

grilled on both sides will never be as succulent as when done on one side only. Another thing: When only one side is cooked, you can afford to brown it properly.

A nice piece of *maitre d'hôtel* butter, melting on each cod steak, will be as pleasing as any gourmet could desire.

Fillets of white fish can also be grilled. In the first place remove the skin, because it seems such a waste to have it saturated with good buttery sauce and then discarded. There is just one point about the fillets—each has one thin and one thick end. For this reason, it is better to cut them into serving-size pieces and grill them just as long as each requires.

Very thin ends can be tucked under each other, so that when grilled they emerge as they should. We are apt to forget that fish, when thin, is cooked in a matter of moments.

Salt cod is a fish I have not referred to in these columns—mainly, I think, because as a child I had to endure it during Lent, especially on Good Friday, when it was served in my school as a sort of penance of which over the years it became a symbol. But when properly prepared it is extremely good food. In Madame Prunier's cookery book there are no fewer than 26 recipes for it. Here is one.

BRANDADE DE MORUE: Cut 3 lb.

soaked salt cod into large squares, poach them in water, keeping it rather underdone, drain and remove the skin and bones. Add a third of its weight in warm mashed potatoes. Pound them together to a smooth paste. With this paste incorporate by degrees $\frac{1}{2}$ pint warm olive oil (in which 1 to 2 cloves of garlic have been infused) and the same amount of warm cream, pounding all the time to get a white and light *Brandade*. Season at the last minute.

SALT COD WITH EGG SAUCE the Scottish way is, I think, equally good. Incidentally smoked haddock, which requires no preliminary soaking, can be presented in the same way.

Cut a nice thick piece of salt cod into suitable pieces, cover them deeply with cold water and leave them for 12 hours, changing the water twice in that time. Rinse well. Place in a pan with a *bouquet garni* and cover with cold water. Bring to the boil, then reduce the heat so that the fish poaches for about 10 minutes. Meanwhile make (for 4 servings) just under $\frac{1}{2}$ pint Bechamel sauce, flavoured with a *bouquet garni* and a pinch of grated nutmeg. Add to it 1 to 2 coarsely chopped hard-boiled eggs. Place the well-drained fish in a heated platter and coat it with the sauce.

With this pleasant dish serve tiny plain boiled new potatoes, turned in butter.

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MAN'S WORLD

David Morton

Dressing for the wedding

THE CHOICE OF BUYING OR HIRING morning dress rests on simple mathematics: the difference in fact between spending upwards of £40 or about £4. With more than 10 friends still unmarried, it figures that it would be a saving to buy a suit outright—visits to Ascot would then present a dividend. But if all the friends are married or if they remain stubbornly single, it is obviously a better bet to hire. Moss Bros is the name that springs most rapidly to mind—guests at a wedding on Saturday are quite likely to meet each other again on

very much in the customers' hands; if he is sufficiently demanding the fit can be perfect. For obvious reasons it is much more difficult for the hirer to satisfy a postal customer. The problem of style is not quite so easily solved. The morning coat is a classic in shape and leaves little room for idiosyncrasy. Waistcoats can be hired in single or double breasted style and Moss Bros. have a splendidly varied range of trouser patterns that defy any attempt to spot a Moss Bros. uniform look at a wedding, no matter how big. My main objection is that there is no place in London where you can hire a morning suit with trousers under some 17 in. wide at the bottom. Neither have I been able to find any but striped trousers—there seem to be no spongebag checks. Single-breasted waistcoats never have lapels to them and the double-breasted ones are generally cut with rather low wide lapels.

The only answer seems to be keeping a pair of trousers to wear with a hired morning coat. The same thing goes for waistcoats. I am always envious of the member of every wedding whose morning suit was obviously passed down to him from his grandfather; its edges are bound with braid, the trousers are elegantly narrow, and the neck of the black waistcoat is edged with white piqué.

Morning dress offers unlimited scope for the accessory-minded. A buttonhole is mandatory—white for ushers, groom and best man, red carnations for the others. (As I have said before, outer darkness awaits anyone who wears confections composed of green ferns and silver foil.) A watch-chain looks well across the waistcoat and can help out a nervous best man if the ring is put on the end until the last minute. A morning suit must have a stiff collar to go with it; the collar helps to support the shoulders of the coat and in any case the effect is incomparably neater. Ties are traditionally light in colour, and those hired are often curious weaves of silver and black in elaborate patterns. Recently I have seen solid grey silks, pale grey paisleys, grey and white dots and spongebag check ties at weddings, and in more than one case cravats and canes.



Neatness with a dash of individuality: single-breasted waistcoat with lapels and black buttons, stiff collar, pristine tie, immaculate white carnation—perhaps too much cuff and handkerchief

Monday morning when they return their clothes. Moss Bros. have 16 branches outside London, and over 200 tailors and outfitters act as agents for them, so a measurement form can be filled in and the dress suit sent by post. Alkit of Cambridge Circus also have branches outside London. Moss Bros. charge £2 17s. 6d. for the hire of a morning suit with waistcoat and top hat, and require a £5 deposit which can be made out on one of their cheque forms. Alkit charge £2 12s. 6d. for the same clothes, no deposit.

There are two major problems about hiring a morning suit—the style and the fit. The matter rests



MOTORING

Gordon Wilkins

Monte Carlo turnspike

RALLIES ARE A PERPETUAL STRUGGLE between organizers and competitors. Organizers have to set tasks which are barely possible in order to find the winner, but modern cars and drivers are so good that it is extremely difficult to sort them out without calling for average speeds so high that the authorities object. Everyone likes the winner to be found by showing better driving and navigating skill or better car performance on the road, rather than in gymkhana-driving acrobatics, or trick timekeeping tests more suitable for accountants.

Ice and snow used to sort out the men (and women) from the boys (and girls) most effectively, but the arrival of the spiked tyre changed all that. The spike is an old idea but it has only in the last few years become a practical proposition for fast car travelling long distances. Credit to the pioneer work goes to M. Vaillant and his sons who fitted spikes to the tyres of all-winter motorcars in their mountain region south of Geneva. Their customers competed in a diabolical local rally called appropriately the "Neige et Glace" and kept up phenomenal speeds over snow and polished ice. Then the Monte Carlo Rally was

won by a Renault Dauphine with the aid of Vaillant studs and everyone wanted them.

Dunlop started making some of their own design for British competitors using the same material, diamond-hard tungsten carbide that will stand up to hammering against the road surface thousands of times a minute even when there is no ice or snow. Unfortunately, in hammering it got hot and tyres quickly failed once the car left the snow because the rubber melted.

The answer came with the Duraband tyre, which has a mesh of fine wire woven in under the tread. This disperses the heat and provides a firm anchorage for the studs. Spiked tyres will now do several thousand miles on dry roads at quite high speeds trouble-free.

I used them for the first time in this year's Monte Carlo Rally. It was practically essential, for the organizers had chosen hair-raising ice-bound courses for the speed tests on the assumption that everyone would be spike-shod. Competitors who went sliding about on the edge of slippery precipices without them stood no chance at all. Crash hats were compulsory incidentally, but at many points we

felt ejector seats and parachutes would be much more useful.

However, with spikes, the terrors simply disappear. Driving on ice or frozen snow is almost as easy as driving on a dry road. You can go hurtling downhill towards a corner, leave the braking to the last possible moment, then tramp on the pedal and the car slows as if on concrete. If the ice is hard and polished it pays to throw away all the usual delicate braking techniques and be really brutal, for with locked wheels the spikes bite into the ice.

It takes a fair amount of experience to find out what the limits are and one rally isn't enough, especially on roads where the first mistake can easily be the last. There was one particular section which brought this out clearly. Starting from St. Auban, the road winds round a narrow shelf of rock high on the face of a steep gorge above a roaring green torrent. Halfway through there is a grotto with a statue of Our Lady and an offertory box into which my co-driver had impulsively thrust all his change during our reconnaissance run. On emerging from the gorge the road winds down the mountain face and then runs almost straight for a couple of miles with a rock wall on the right and a nasty drop on the left. It was packed, polished snow here and I touched about 65 m.p.h. but I knew it wasn't nearly fast enough. Later I asked racing driver Henry Taylor, who drove a Ford Anglia like mine, how fast he took it. "Oh I wound it round to 6,000 in top, which would be about 90 m.p.h." he said. "When we got near to the bends at the end my navigator said 'You should be slowing down!' and I said 'I know, I've been trying to for some time!' Just then the car swerved and crashed into the snow bank on the right. That slowed it. Fortunately it didn't bounce over the edge

and we got round the next corner."

It's fun learning.

On the debit side, there are several points that will prevent spikes coming into general use for winter motoring. First, the cost—£10 per tyre over and above the normal price of the cover. Secondly, they do tear up the road. One car, going fairly fast, passed me on a dry road, and flung back a barrage of stones. The result; a badly starred windscreen, a smashed spotlight and two broken lamp lenses. When driving with spikes on a normal road there is a slight feeling of riding on ball bearings at first, but once one has got used to them one can corner almost as fast as on normal tyres. Not quite as fast, for they do use up power, and they reduce the car's maximum speed by about five per cent.

In case the mention of an Anglia doing 90 miles an hour should surprise you, I ought to mention that our Anglias, beautifully prepared by Jack Welch of Lincoln Cars, were running in the Improved class, but the modifications were surprisingly slight. A high compression, a change in the camshaft and some smoothing out of the valve ports, plus a different carburetter, gave us engines producing 50 horsepower and running up to over 7,000 r.p.m. in the gears. Export front springs, somewhat stiffer than the normal type, and a change in the adjustment of the shock absorbers cut down roll on corners and enormously improved the road holding, while anti-fade linings ensured that our brakes stood up to the hardest use. The result was a car which I am sure Ford could market with great success as a first class small sports saloon.

Gordon Wilkins's modified Ford Anglia corners on spiked tyres



Weddings



Codrington—Micklethwait: Jane Evelyn, eldest daughter of Mr. & Mrs. W. M. Codrington, of Preston Hall, Uppingham, Rutland, was married to Capt. Richard Miles Micklethwait, Grenadier Guards, son of Mr. R. G. Micklethwait, & of the Hon. Mrs. Micklethwait, at St. James's, Spanish Place



Spencer—Hankey: Anne Isobel, only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Frank Spencer, of Middlesbrough, was married to the Rev. Simon Hankey, son of the Dean of Ely, the Very Rev. C. P. Hankey, & Mrs. Hankey, at Ely Cathedral



Hingston—Lloyd: Caroline, elder daughter of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. Walter Hingston, of Montpelier Square, S.W.7, was married to David, younger son of Sir Thomas & Lady Lloyd, of Faggots End, Radlett, Hertfordshire, at Holy Trinity, Brompton, S.W.1



Fyfield—Stockwell: Dr. Jill Fyfield, elder daughter of Mr. & Mrs. C. W. Fyfield, of Milan, Italy, was married to Dr. Robert Amos Stockwell, elder son of Mr. & Mrs. A. J. Stockwell, of Fore Street, Hertford, at All Saints' with St. John, Hertford



Rendall—Wilkinson: Jennifer, daughter of Brig. & Mrs. J. F. S. Rendall, of Bramshaw, was married to Major John Wilkinson, Royal Drums, son of Major J. S. Wilkinson, & of Mrs. G. H. Wilkinson, at St. Peter's Bramshaw

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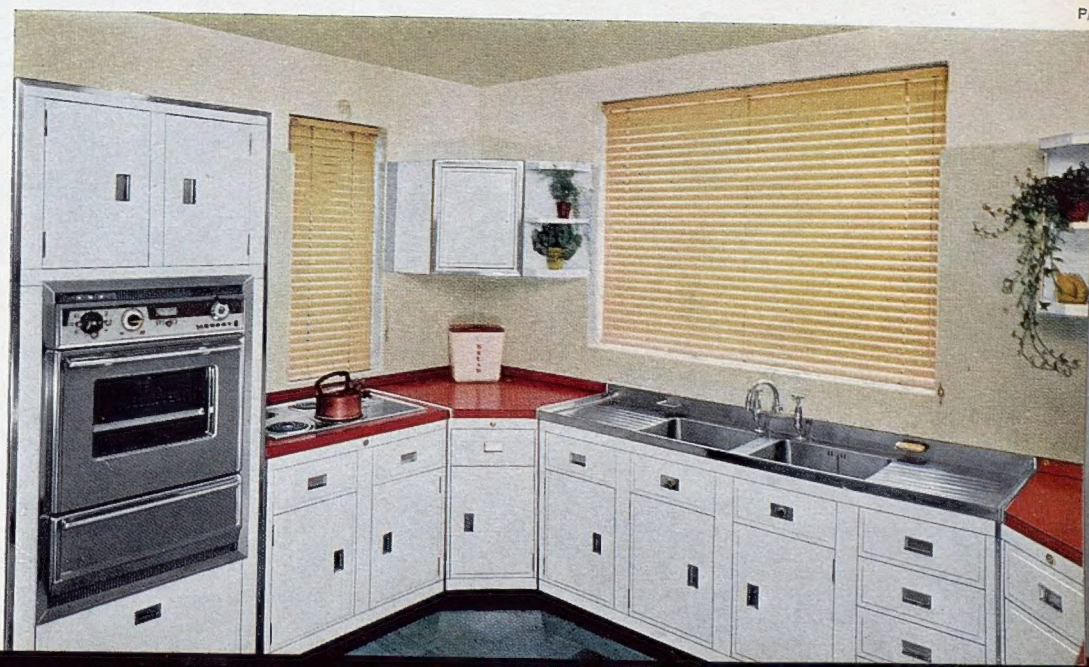


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